

The TATLER

and **BYSTANDER**

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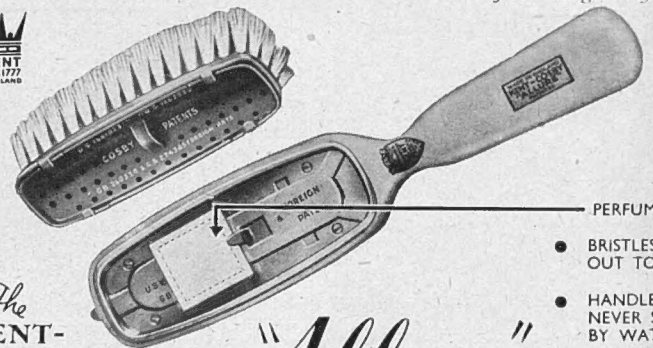
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THE TATLER and BYSTANDER



Studio Lisa

MRS. LEWIS W. DOUGLAS

The charming wife of the new United States Ambassador has very quickly adapted herself to the English scene and has already made a reputation for herself as a most popular and sympathetic personality. Mrs. Douglas, who is still in process of settling down at the Embassy residence at 14 Prince's Gate, S.W., has great natural gifts of organization, and has expressed her intention to use these to the full in helping her husband to maintain good relations between Britain and the U.S. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas held their first reception at Prince's Gate on Friday, July 4, to celebrate that great United States anniversary, Independence Day



Decorations by Wysard

Portraits in Print

Sean Fielding

IT was, I think, the famous brothers Doherty, those Wimbledon wonders and masters of the agreeable game of lawn-tennis, who laid it down that ability to play the "smash" stroke is essential. "To be good overhead is the sign of a first-class player, even if a few have managed to get on without it," they said. They might have added that if you are nearly six and a half feet in height and, further, have enormously long arms, the business becomes somewhat easier—as is the case with that remarkable Frenchman, M. Yvon Petra, whose agility, talent and personality was a source of constant wonder and pleasure to lookers-on at Wimbledon this last week, despite the fact that he lost his title as champion.

What it must be like to face this forbidding giant while hundreds watch one's fateful and sure discomfiture, I do not care to contemplate; but it must surely be very dreadful indeed and I would not blame any man, beaten by Petra, slinking off and lacing his tea with a stiff shot of whisky were the sun never so high in the heavens. It must have occurred to those he defeated that prize-fighting is a fairer set-to since weight is there strictly considered, and a little fellow is in no danger of finding himself at the disposal of a hugely muscled monster three times his size.

The Major's Patent

SOME may even have wished that lawn tennis had not progressed so far and so fast since Lord Arthur Herve, sometime Bishop of Bath and Wells, devised the game which he and his friends played on the lawn of his rectory in Suffolk and which, much later, a certain Major Wingfield (in 1874) improved upon and called Sphairisticke.

The Major took out a patent for it, describing it as "a new and improved portable court for playing the ancient game of tennis." His court was wider at the baselines than at the net, giving the whole the shape of an hour-glass. Despite the abominable difficulties of its puzzling name, Sphairisticke prospered mightily and the pundits of the M.C.C. interested themselves in it and drew up rules which were not altered until the All England Croquet and Lawn Tennis Club staged their first Wimbledon championships in 1877.

The only touch of the hour-glass now left is provided by the sprinkle of female spectators who, I suspect, have more interest in the social side of Wimbledon than in the brilliant play. For the rest, the women are Amazons and the men Spartans. This is not at all to say

that grace has departed from the game. To see, for example, the American Mr. Kramer serve, is to see the epitome of grace plus controlled and concentrated fury.

No sooner has he touched the flying ball,
But 'tis already more than half the mall.
And such a fury from his arm has got,
As from a smoking culverin 'twere shot.

I take that from Waller's poem on St. James's Park and it refers to Charles II playing the ancient game of pall-mall which was a species of golf wherein one used a mallet to drive a ball along a straight alley and through an elevated ring at the end. Victory went to him who effected this object in the fewest number of strokes. (In Pall Mall now clubs have replaced the mallets.)

It must have been a splendid game and for the life of me I cannot see why it so soon fell into desuetude and finally oblivion. Nothing gives a man so special a pleasure as knocking a small ball for six; and this is particularly the case with the inhabitants of these islands who, bless them, have passed on the joys and benefits to most other countries and betimes find themselves, like all other tutors, beaten by their pupils.

This last fact provides many a doleful essayist with lush opportunities for declaiming upon the nation's backsliding and is currently used to show up Mr. Strachey, the Food Minister, in a bad light. It might comfort some of these persons to look around a little more carefully. We may be hopelessly beaten at Wimbledon, but there are still a few home-brewed games at which we are the nonpareils—"Willie Wastle," for example. Since some southerners may not be altogether familiar with this, it is, perhaps, worth pursuing further.

Cockburn the Bold

UNDER the date February 3, 1651, we have, in Whitlocke's *Memorials*, intelligence of the siege of Hume Castle, in Berwickshire, by Colonel Fenwick, an officer of Cromwell's army. This seat of a once powerful family occupied a commanding position at the Western extremity of the great plain of the Merse. On its being summoned by the bold colonel to surrender to Cromwell (who had recently beaten the Scots at Dunbar and overrun nearly the whole of Scotland south of the Forth) the governor, Thomas Cockburn, answered, "That he knew not Cromwell and for his castle it was built upon a rock." Fenwick was having no nonsense of this sort and opened up upon the castle with his mortars. This was the signal

for the governor to send him the following:

I William of the Wastle
Am now in my castle,
And awe the dogs in the town
Shand garre me gang down.

Thus does Whitlocke print it, yet any small boy in Scotland could have told him he was misquoting. The governor's brave answer was the rhyme used in one of their games—as indeed, it still is—the main feature of which consists of one of the party taking his station upon a large stone with a handkerchief in his hand and crying out as a defiance to his companions:

I, Willie Wastle
Stand in my castle,
And a' the dogs in the town
'Il no ding Willie Wastle down.

The rhyme was used later in the century with reference to another public event. Mr. William Veitch, a zealous Presbyterian clergyman who had been persecuted under the Stuarts but after the Revolution became a prominent minister under the new establishment, is stated to have preached one day at Linton, in Roxburghshire, when it pleased him to make allusion to the late episcopal frame of church government. "Our bishops," he said, "had for a long time thought themselves very secure like:

Willie, Willie Wastle
I am in my castle;
A' the dogs in the town
Dare not ding me down

"Yea, but there is a doggie in heaven that has dung them all down!"

"Sound, Sound the Clarion . . ."

WE cannot doubt that Mr. Veitch made his meaning quite clear to the burghers of Linton. Nor can we doubt that many small boys will make themselves equally clear with precisely the same rhyme when their country is invaded, as it will be, in a few weeks' time, by thousands from all over who wish to join in the International Festival of Music and Drama in the fair city of Edinburgh. I cull this from an official appraisal of the affair:

"Edinburgh will be alive with music, drama, ballet and the visual arts. The cream of the artistic world has been engaged and it is no exaggeration to say that during the period of the Festival this Summer the eyes of the world will be centered on Edinburgh. Edinburgh will be wholly given up to affairs of the Festival. Edinburgh will be the artistic and social centre of Britain, if not the world."

Who said the Scot was an inhibited fellow?



IN A WARWICKSHIRE MANSION

Mrs. Robert Ansell standing in the entrance of her home, Upper Billesley Hall, near Stratford-on-Avon. She is the daughter of the late Mr. E. T. Tyrchitt-Drake of Shardeloes, Amersham. Mr. Ansell, who served in the Royal Artillery during the war, is the youngest son of the late Mr. Harry C. Ansell. He is a distinguished racing motorist and is driving in most of the big Continental races this year

George Bilainkin.

AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S

WISTFUL sketches of the Emperor of Ethiopia, who aroused wide sympathy twelve years ago, when he protested to the world against the threats, aggression and poison gas used by the Italians, decorate the Hyde Park salons and study of His Excellency Blatta Ephrem Tewelde Mehden, since November, 1945, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at St. James's.

Today the Ethiopians wait patiently for assurances that the years of suffering shall not have been wholly in vain. Six years ago the Emperor returned to Addis Ababa, precisely five years after the then swashbuckling Badoglio had entered the capital. Today our allies the Ethiopians hope for territorial and economic adjustments. Should we grudge generous help to a state that suffered for loyalty to democracy?

Native of (now much discussed) Eritrea, and graduate of the American University at Beirut, His Excellency has held high ministerial posts. A fluent English scholar, he was once Chargé d'Affaires here, and in 1938 went into exile to France, when a British Premier recognized Italy's momentary "triumph."

Ethiopian students are in Great Britain, at our faculties of medicine, law, engineering. It is well that they should be drinking at the fountain of this liberal land, for they have the frightening task of rebuilding a land bereft since February, 1936, of an intelligentsia. The attempt on Graziani led to butchery by the Italians on a scale only experienced in Yugoslavia, from the same skilled hands, four or five years later. But the Ethiopians will survive and prosper, for half a century ago, at Adowa, they demonstrated incomparable courage and fervent resolution.

DIPLOMATISTS and Cuba's friends in these isles will be sad to learn that one of the corner-stones of Belgravia, His Excellency Senor Don Guillermo de Blanck, Minister at St. James's for nine years, is being transferred. Persistent, vivid pleader of his republic's cause with politicians and business men, Don Guillermo, artist and art-lover, withstood our climate and Germany's missiles with the calm of a Briton, never grumbling at the sunless, health-undermining years. In the safety of 1947 it is fashionable to be Anglophile. But, when many foreign envoys in both categories pleaded urgently, maybe sincerely, in 1940 that it was time for Britain to seek terms from the Nazis, the officially neutral Don Guillermo loudly opposed such an idea.

Gay conversation, precise manners and good taste will lose by the going of Don Guillermo. His friends will hope that the call of London will prove irresistible during his holidays.

Another sad goodbye has had to be expressed to the Siamese Minister, who left us for the legation in Copenhagen, after quickly earning respect and affection from Britons who were not unmindful of his country's policy in 1941, when the democracies tottered on the brink of centuries of darkness.

THE Syrian Minister's recent reception in Kensington Palace Gardens, opposite the Soviet Embassy and the Nepalese Legation, was crowded with high dignitaries, a tribute to His Excellency's stature at St. James's. The Iraqi Ambassador's daughter, who is reading for a degree in international affairs in the United States, charmed many guests with her astonishing command of English, awareness of the barometer in the Middle East, and vivacious beauty. The Turkish Ambassador and the Saudi Arabian Minister were also much in demand for their views on current problems in a corner of the world that is coming more and more into the headlines.



Fayer
The Cuban Minister, Senor Don Guillermo de Blanck

Show Guide

Straight Plays

Jane (Aldwych). Somerset Maugham's cynical and witty dialogue and Yvonne Arnaud's unique talent for comedy is most ably supported by Ronald Squire, Charles Victor and Irene Browne.

Off the Record (Apollo). This naval comedy of errors is grand entertainment. Special praise for Hubert Gregg, Hugh Wakefield and Tom Gill for being side-splittingly funny.

A Sleeping Clergyman (Criterion). Robert Donat and Margaret Leighton in a revival of this unusual play by James Bridie.

Boys In Brown (Duchess). The great problem of which Borstal is the symbol sympathetically treated.

We Proudly Present (Duke of York's). Ivor Novello takes us backstage, and with gentle satire peels the gilt off the gingerbread, aided by Phyllis Monkman, Ena Burrill, Mary Jerrold and Peter Graves.

Born Yesterday (Garrick). Hartley Power and Yolande Donlan in Laurence Olivier's production of this fast-moving American comedy.

Present Laughter (Haymarket). Revival of Noel Coward's sparkling piece with Noel Coward and Joyce Carey in their original parts.

Edward, My Son (His Majesty's). Tragic comedy. Period 1919-1947. Play by Noel Langley and Robert Morley who acts brilliantly with fine support from Peggy Ashcroft.

The Winslow Boy (Lyric). Terence Rattigan's fine play on the Archer-Shee case with Angela Baddeley, Frank Allenby and Frederick Leister.

Pygmalion (Lyric, Hammersmith). Alec Clunes as Professor Higgins and Brenda Bruce as Eliza Doolittle in a revival of Shaw's famous comedy.

Ever Since Paradise (New). J. B. Priestley philosophizes on marriage in a series of stylish charades, and Roger Livesey and Ursula Jeans play many parts delightfully.

The Voice Of The Turtle (Piccadilly). John van Druten's success from New York. A witty and cynical sidelight on young love in springtime.

Noose (Saville). Some Dead End Boys, reformed and grown up to seasoned warriors, take a running jump at the Black Market.

1066 And All That (Strand). Leslie Henson and Doris Hare gambol through the ages in a series of historical incidents in a far from serious vein.

Worm's Eye View (Whitehall). Ronald Shiner and Jack Hobbs are in this entertaining comedy about R.A.F. men who have billet trouble.

Twelfth Night (Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park). Produced by Robert Atkins with Mary Honer and Kynaston Reeves.

With Music

Bless the Bride (Adelphi). C. B. Cochran's new light operetta by Sir A. P. Herbert and Vivian Ellis with Georges Guétary, Lizbeth Webb and Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies.

Sweetest and Lowest (Ambassadors). Hermione Gingold, Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever.

Annie, Get Your Gun (Coliseum). Dolores Gray and Bill Johnson in another tough and melodious backwoods comedy from America.

Oklahoma! (Drury Lane). This American musical play has everything. It is tuneful, decorative. Moves with typical Transatlantic speed and smoothness. It also has an all-young and enthusiastic cast.

Perchance to Dream (Hippodrome). Music and romance in the Novello manner with Ivor Novello and Roma Beaumont.

Here, There and Everywhere (Palladium). Tommy Trinder's song and mirth show.

Piccadilly Hayride (Prince of Wales). Sid Field and a decorative and able cast delight the eye and ear.

Sketches by
Tom Titt



The Flag-Lieutenant (Tom Gill) looks on in amazement as Lieutenant-Commander Peter Fraser, Jane Godfrey and Susan Lockwood (Bill Gates, Eve Ashley and Pamela Mattheus) bundle Tom d'Arcy, M.P. (Hubert Gregg), in borrowed naval finery, out of his chief's choleric path

At the Theatre

"Off the Record" (Apollo)

"A FARCICAL comedy by Ian Hay and Stephen King-Hall"—could any other conceivable theatrical announcement unrelated to the Christmas stage be quite so disarming? "The same old thing" murmurs the professional critic, to which admission of jaded age and a craving for Switzerland the playgoer, his face lighting up, replies "I hope so."

A very natural hope, after all, and one that is again fully realized. Empires have fallen since these authors perfected their formula in *The Middle Watch*, and without batting an eyelid they can still make it work to the simple joy of all but those who, knowing what they do not like, keep away from the Apollo. It is not the simple humorous formula that it pretends to be: there is a shrewd admixture of hero-worship.

THE harum-scarum young gentlemen who blithely agree on the spur of a sudden caprice to exchange clothes and identities are out of the familiar old puppet-box marked "Service Romance." Though obliged on this occasion to be irresponsible and wildly comic, they belong in spirit to the kind of romance which might fitly culminate in the flag-lieutenant marrying the admiral's daughter, the admiral marrying the midshipman's amusing mother and the midshipman contenting himself with the glory of having saved all their lives at the last possible moment.

They are, in fact, our old friends from the boys' papers of long ago—dewily innocent beneath their dashing assumption of worldliness, devilishly resourceful in a tight corner but innately chivalrous and, for all their high-spirited indiscretion, jolly decent chaps, potential admirals all or at least First Lords.

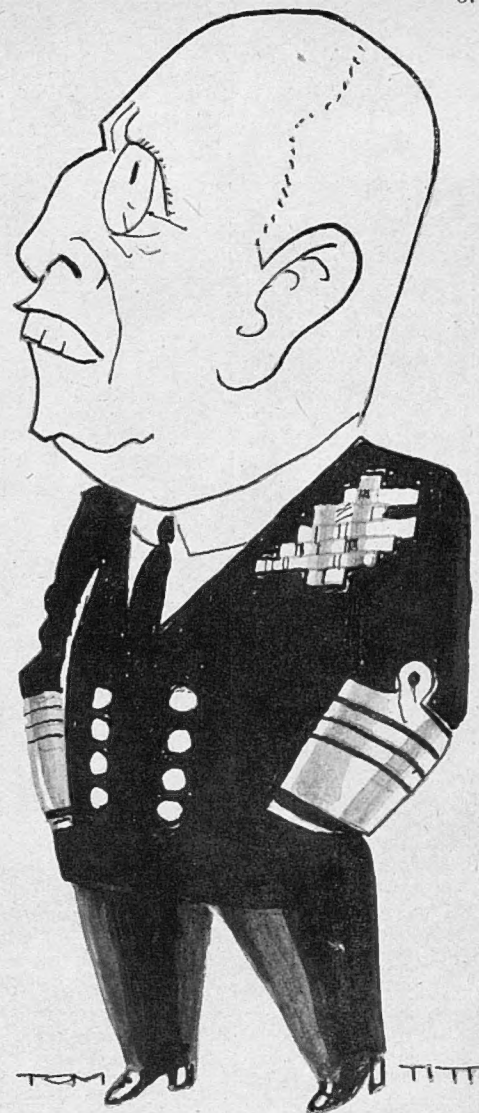
The entertainment prospers on slickly amusing dialogue rather than upon its situations which, though in all conscience bold enough, are not thoroughly exploited. One of the young gentlemen has been appointed to the command of a destroyer lying at Portsmouth; the other, Parliamentary Private Secretary to the First Lord, is due to visit Admiralty House on official business. So the politician, encumbered by a sword, trips among naval technicalities in the destroyer, and at Admiralty House the sailor, holding the lapels of a morning coat in a grasp which he confidently believes to be statesmanlike, deludes the admiral who once did an old shipmate a bad turn with hopes of promotion.

IN each case a pretty girl sees through the imposture; but in each case the impostor falls instantly in love with the pretty girl.

This neat stroke of fortune though highly convenient to the comedy, which could hardly get on without it, is exceedingly hard on the admiral. Having been made to favour the abolition of capital ships in favour of bombers by the impostor, he is soon assuring the genuine P.P.S. that the dearest wish of his heart is to abolish bombers. For a while it looks as though one of the heroes is going in for a little blackmail, which should be unthinkable in this kind of comedy, but that is only the authors' fun. Up pops the chivalry we expect, and, Lord bless us, the admiral rises to the gesture and shows that he, too, is a jolly decent chap at heart.

Mr. Hugh Wakefield is a delightful admiral; Mr. Bill Gates and Mr. Hubert Gregg are the high-spirited young rascals and the ladies are Miss Pamela Matthews and Miss Eve Ashley. And jolly decent all round performances they give.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



Admiral Sir Maximilian Godfrey
(Hugh Wakefield) who steers his way tactfully
through the battleship v. bomber controversy

Backstage with Beaumont Kent

ADVANCE bookings for *The Voice of the Turtle* which opens tonight at the Piccadilly have been the heaviest for any straight play production in recent years. John Van Druten's comedy with its cast of three has been running in New York since December, 1943, and the American artists who are appearing here—Margaret Sullivan, Wendell Corie and Audrey Christie—are known as "the million pound trio." None of them has acted in this country before but Miss Sullivan is well known to filmgoers.

They have all appeared at one time or another in the New York production, in which there have been seven changes of cast since it opened. Among those who have appeared in Miss Sullivan's part are film actresses Betty Field and Martha Scott.

VAN DRUTEN, now an American citizen and one of the wealthiest of playwrights, has written other successes since *The Voice of the Turtle*. His next play to that was *I Remember Mother* which ran for 700 performances in New York with Mady Christians in the leading role. He tells me that she is to play the part in London in the autumn.

Following that came *The Mermaids Singing* which will be seen at the Embassy shortly. And now he has completed a new play for which he is thinking of a title.

WHEN Edward Percy's *My Wives and I* opens at the Strand on July 24 Henry Sherek, who is celebrating his tenth year in management, will have four productions simultaneously running in the West End. The others are *Edward, My Son* at His Majesty's, *A Sleeping Clergyman* at the Criterion and *Boys in Brown* at the Duchess.

He has a full programme in hand, too. One play

will be James Hilton's *Random Harvest* but production has been postponed because Googie Withers, who will appear in the role played by Greer Garson on the screen, is now filming. Sherek's chief problem at the moment is to find a suitable leading man of the Ronald Colman type.

Sherek began management by staging supper-time revue at the Dorchester and his first stage production, *The Orchard Walls*, was followed in 1938 by that great success, *Idiot's Delight*. During the war he went back into the Army in which he also served with distinction from 1914-1918.

THOSE who have seen Margaret Halstan in *Pygmalion* at the Lyric, Hammersmith, will hardly believe that she is celebrating her fifty-second year on the stage, but such is the fact, for she made her first stage appearance in 1895. She is particularly proud of having created four Shaw roles—Gloria in *You Can Never Tell*, the Strange Lady in *Man of Destiny*, Raina in *Arms and the Man* and Mrs. Notley in *Too True to be Good*.

At the other end of the scale, so to speak, in *Pygmalion* is eighteen-year-old Henryetta Edwards who after a year in repertory at Windsor is playing her first London part as a maid. She is the daughter of Henry Edwards and Chrissie White, famous stars of silent films. With her blonde prettiness she much resembles her mother.

Miss Henryetta (note the "y") says she has no ambition to be famous. "I just want to act," she told me. "Papa offered no opposition when I told him I wanted to go on the stage. 'It's all right,' he said, 'as long as you don't mind having your heart broken twenty times a day.'"

ONE of the acting successes in *Annie, Get Your Gun* at the Coliseum is Indian Chief Sitting Bull who comes imposingly to life with John Garside's skilful playing. He earns one of the biggest laughs of the evening when, pursued by the importunate impresario, he replies with Redskin taciturnity "No put money in show business."

Garside is a former Old Vic actor who during his six years "over the water" not only acted regularly but was also responsible for the *decor* and costumes. That his stage appearances have been so infrequent of late is due to the fact that he is also an artist, a one-time pupil at the Slade school. Hanging on the line at this year's Academy is a fine example of his work, a picture entitled "London Houses."

TREVOR HOWARD, very busy filming of late, is to star with the Old Vic in the autumn when his first part will be Petruchio in *The Taming of the Shrew*. Celia Johnson may be the Katherine. Meanwhile Howard has grown an elaborate beard, "just for my own amusement," he says, "or rather because I hate shaving."

I HEAR that Merton Hodge, whose first comedy *The Wind and the Rain* produced in 1933 ran for over two years and who followed it a few years later with *Grief Goes Over*, has finished a new play entitled *The Second Year* which is due for production shortly.

For an author of such promise Mr. Hodge has not been very prolific, but the explanation is that apart from being a dramatist he is an eminent brain specialist and as such was, of course, very busy during the war.

Youngman Carter



The hunted man, as poignantly expressed by Trevor Jones in "They Made Me a Fugitive," in which he stars with Sally Gray and Griffith Jones

At The Pictures

"Certificate A"

MR. DALTON might well take an evening off to consider this week's offerings in the cinema. If he is, as rumour runs, cocking a reflective eye upon imports involving dollars he could hardly do better than to start his perambulation at the Empire, where the American firm M-G-M are responsible for *The Rich Full Life*. It should serve as an aperitif

with which to clarify his mind.

Adult audiences, and for that matter children too, are here invited to share the fears and tears of two young parents whose daughter succeeds at long last—for she is rising fifteen years old—in "going steady" with one of the callowest youths who ever sidled on to the back bench of a Middle West high school. The poor girl, a sickly child, we are told, has hitherto been unable to get herself a regular boy friend. The cause of this trouble is not specified, but adenoids would seem to be a reasonable guess.

CONTINUING his stroll, Mr. Dalton might turn into the Pavilion, where Miss Hedy Lamarr is featured in a Hollywood item called *Dishonoured Lady*. This is what is termed in the trade a "vehicle," which means that the object of the exercise is to enable the spectators to view these lovely features from every possible angle which happens to be photogenic. Miss Lamarr is allowed to exhibit her pretty head until we get to know its conformation intimately, but we are denied any glimmer of a talent which may or may not lie beneath.

She represents, we are told, an immoral young party who gets herself into a packet of trouble and is finally, on the flimsiest of evidence, accused of murder. On an equally thin defence she is acquitted. It wasn't (as it turns out) just another *affaire*: it was true love. Close up: fade-out: finish.

In justice to this film as entertainment it is fair to say that there are some uproariously funny scenes in the editorial offices of "a sophisticated magazine." Any editor surveying these vast apartments ought to be able to laugh himself silly, but on the other hand such gentlemen are a small hard-boiled section of the audience and their reactions are normally no concern either of film producers or Chancellors of the Exchequer.

By the same token (or a form just like it) the British Board of Film Censors have passed *They Made Me a Fugitive*, a British picture now at the Warner, as suitable for exhibition to adult audiences. In this they are perfectly correct, for here is an adult entertainment. The high-power spiv, or super black-marketeer, has replaced the high-ranking Nazi or super-spy as Public Villain No. 1, and this is an admirable exchange, for our home-grown actors are much more credible as characters they can study locally than as guttural jack-booters from Central Europe.

Here Mr. Griffith Jones, until now, if he will forgive me, a glamour-boy, presents a study in villainy which has all the evil chill that Arthur Bouchier brought to Long John Silver these many years since, complete with an off-white accent as accurately observed as it is repulsive. The story is unvarnished and elementary: a tale of back-alley graft and corruption; it is not edifying but is certainly both mature and exciting.

Clem Morgan (Trevor Howard), an ex-R.A.F. type with a taste for adventure and liquor, falls in with a gang of crooks who are quite as nasty and quite as credible as anything to be found under a damp paving stone in London Town. When he discovers precisely what the racket involves he tries to quit. The gang leader thereupon frames him and he goes to Dartmoor for manslaughter. He escapes and fights his way to revenge, romance and ultimate re-arrest.

A SIMPLE sordid little fragment, and a spiritual brother to *Noose*, Mr. Richard Llewellyn's play now running at the Saville.

What makes it important is its immaculate integrity; here is a piece of observation which even the French couldn't do better.

Cavalcanti, who directed, is a master of photographic detail and Noel Langley (*Cage Me a Peacock*) has written a script bang in the authentic idiom.

If Alliance Films had only added Mr. Llewellyn's talents to this team they might have produced a masterpiece, but even as matters stand the entertainment deserves its A certificate.

Particularly remark Mr. Langley's masterly use of the cliché. All his leading actors are given some sort of catch-phrase to emphasize their characters; Mr. Howard's cant wise-cracks bring home the commonplace humanity of the fugitive—his is a most heart-rending study of a simple silly hero manqué—but as Narcy, the gang leader, Griffith Jones uses the phrase "Ask a silly question and you'll get a silly answer," accompanied with a swipe across his victim's chops, in such a manner as to make the most sophisticated blood congeal for a moment.

IF spivs, crooks, dives, black marketing, cruelty and all the froth of this day's brew of trouble are to be held up for consideration, which is certainly not improper, here they are presented with artistry and no little humour. From the moment we stand outside Messrs. Valhalla Ltd., funeral furnishers, and a suspicious Pecksniff tells a policeman "Stand aside please, officer, and show a little respect for the dead"—a point when we know at once that the coffin cannot contain its normal burden—to the terrifying sequence when Narcy falls from roof to gutter (a nightmare of camera craft, better than anything U-F-A ever thought of in the great days of yore) the picture is constructed with intelligence, understanding and a meticulous wit which imparts exhilaration.

The film censors in fact are right. This is adult entertainment by virtue of its craftsmanship and food for thought by reason of its implicit moral.

Mr. Dalton may feel disposed to consider the question of encouragement. At the same time the censors would assist a lot of us by creating a third category certificate. Provisionally it might be called "Morons only," but whether valuable dollars should be expended upon its import is another matter altogether.

Play Personalities (No. 2)

IVOR NOVELLO

Photograph by Angus McBean

The fate of Ivor Novello is enviable. Having found, in 1935, a precisely congenial medium for his talents in *Glamorous Night* and other large-scale musical romances, he can afford to forget his earlier achievements, solid as they were. He has had, indeed, a prodigious output, and a range in his craft unrivalled in our time—from writing "Keep the Home Fires Burning," to playing the lead in *Henry V*. But neither success nor versatility, both often fatal snares, have slackened his muscle. The rampart of works behind which he confidently defies oblivion shows the extent of his theatrical successes, from the days when he first started to write for the stage in the early 'twenties, through the monumental Drury Lane period, to his latest light comedy as yet unbound



THE QUEST
OF THE WAVE

IVOR
NOVELLO

GLAMOROUS
NIGHT

IVOR
NOVELLO

PERCHANCE
TO DREAM

IVOR
NOVELLO

THE
DANCING
TEARS

IVOR
NOVELLO

LADIES
INTO
ACTION

IVOR
NOVELLO

I LIVED WITH YOU

THE RAT

COMEDIENNE

PROSCENIUM

PARACHUTE REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION BALL



H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent arriving, with the vice-chairman of the ball, Mrs. Rudolph Elwes (left), and the Countess of Eldon



The Hon. Mrs. David Ormsby-Gore, the Hon. John Ormsby-Gore, Lord Harlech's heir, Miss Judy Hutchinson and Lieut.-Col. de Lisle



Miss Sharman Douglas, daughter of the U.S. Ambassador, and Major Norman Fraser, Liaison Officer to the U.S. Embassy



Miss Anne Maxwell and Lieut. Nigel Tunnicliffe at the ball, which was held at Grosvenor House and was in aid of Polish Students' Welfare



Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gordon with Brigadier S. J. Hill, D.S.O., M.C., the chairman



Mr. and Mrs. W. V. A. Gell, with Major G. Bell, of the First Canadian Parachute Battalion



Major Farar-Hockley, M.C., Assistant Organiser, Mrs. Farar-Hockley, Capt. and Mrs. Neill and Lieut.-Col. Tilley and Mrs. Tilley



Lieut.-Col. E. J. O'Brien Croker, M.C., Lieut.-Col. Colin Gray, M.B.E., and Miss Norma Candy in the conservatory of the Royal Aeronautical Establishment, Farnborough, where the ball was held. It was the first the Association has arranged, and it is intended to hold it annually

**The Duchess of Kent
at the Summer Ball**



Some of the competitors in the Child's Pony event, with Princess Alexandra second from the right. The show was held in the Home Park, Windsor

Young Riders at the Royal Windsor Horse Show



The Duchess of Norfolk presents a prize to Miss Daphne Agelasto on Winsome, exhibited by Miss Joan Nelson



Lady Anthony Meyer with her mother, Mrs. Charles Knight, and her son and daughter



Princess Alexandra of Kent, who is already an excellent horsewoman, on Cadogan Marie



The Duke of Beaufort, president of the show, and Earl Fortescue judging the Hunt Teams



The Duchess of Kent presents a rosette to Chocolate Box, exhibited by Miss J. Skelton, of Andover



Lady Anne Fitzalan-Howard, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, on her pony, Coloa

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

Just before they left for Norwich, where they attended the Centenary Show of the Royal Norfolk Agricultural Association, their Majesties dined out privately in London—a very rare item in the Royal diaries. Their host and hostess were Sir John and Lady Carew Pole, who are old friends of both the King and Queen. Princess Elizabeth accompanied her parents, and among other subjects of mutual interest discussed during and after dinner was South Africa, which Sir John and Lady Carew Pole know well from the days when Sir John was Comptroller to the Earl of Clarendon while he was Governor-General of the Union. After dinner, their Majesties drove straight to the station to entrain for Norfolk, where, after their Show visit, they went on to Sandringham for a short four-day break.

At the Norfolk Show, where they spent a day of happy interest, the King and Queen met many of their friends who are neighbours and fellow-farmers in Norfolk, including the Earl and Countess of Leicester, Sir Henry Upchurch, chairman of the Norfolk Agricultural Committee, and Lady Upchurch; Sir Thomas Mann, Lady Suffield, president of the Norfolk Women's Land Army, and many other leading figures in the county. Lord Leicester was acting president of the Show, of which his Majesty is president.

Quite one of the most enjoyable dances of this very full season was given by Viscountess Knollys and Mrs. Edward Compton at Hurlingham Club for the Hon. Ardyne Knollys and Miss Zoe d'Erlanger, who is Mrs. Compton's niece. H.R.H. the Princess Elizabeth was the guest of honour, and looked charming in white satin, and among other well-known people present I noticed Miss Elizabeth Carew Pole, Miss Caroline Sutherland, Mr. Kent Parrot, who had come on from the Midsummer Ball at Grosvenor House, which was held on the same night; the American Ambassador's pretty blonde daughter, Sharman Douglas, who looked sweet in deep sea-green tulle; Lady Mary Cambridge; Mr. Philip Mountbatten, who appeared to be thoroughly enjoying himself; Miss Lynette Newman; the well-known artist, Mr. Simon Elwes, and his wife; Mr. Gavin Welby, Miss Jill Benson, Miss Patricia Bailey, whose mother gave a dance for her at Hurlingham last year; Viscountess Fitzalan's red-haired daughter, Alatheia, and the Hon. Miriam Fitzalan Howard with her fiancé, Mr. Christopher Emmett.

Many Ambassadors attended the Anglo-Brazilian Society's dinner at the Dorchester, when Lord Pakenham, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, spoke in place of Mr. Ernest Bevin, who was in Paris. The Brazilian Ambassador, Senhor Moniz de Aragao, president of the Society, presided, and among the guests I saw the Chilean Ambassador and Mme. Bianchi, the Portuguese Ambassador and the Duchess of Palmella, the Argentine Ambassador and Mme. Labougle, the Peruvian Ambassador and Mme. Berckemeyer, the Venezuelan Ambassador and Mme. Azpurua, Sir Neville Butler, our newly-appointed Ambassador to Brazil, and Lady Butler; the Ecuador Minister and Mme. Lafronte, who looked very attractive in a lovely black tulle dress; and the Dominican Minister and Mme. Pastoriza.

The speeches were interesting and amusing. H.E. Senhor Moniz de Aragao spoke first and was followed by Lord Pakenham, who referred to Sir Thomas Cook (chairman of the Society, who was present with Lady Cook) as an old school friend with whom he had lost touch, but not so much as Sir Thomas had lost touch with him, as Sir Thomas had just told Mme. de

Aragao that he (Lord Pakenham) was a bachelor, whereas not only was he married but he and Lady Pakenham had seven children! Those at the dinner included Lord Leverhulme, Lord Camrose, H.E. the Minister for Panama and Mme. Porras, Sir Clarence and Lady Sadd, Lady Effie Millington-Drake and her pretty daughter, Marie, looking very sunburnt; Brig. and Mrs. Fairbank, Viscount Davidson and his daughter Jean, who was sitting at the same table as Miss Geraldine Cook and Sir William and Lady Seeds; he was our Ambassador in Brazil from 1930-35.

Miss Pamela Bowhill, who is petite and pretty, made a lovely bride when she married Lord Adam Gordon in St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, recently. She chose a silver-and-white brocade wedding-dress with a train of the same material, and was followed by one grown-up bridesmaid, Miss Elspeth Davidson, and a group of children—Lady Lemina Gordon, Miss Joanna Pitman, the Earl of Aboyne, Angus and Andrew Gordon and Andrew Beeson. The bridegroom and his brother, the Marquess of Huntly, who was best man, added to the picturesqueness of the wedding as they wore full Highland dress with lace jabots and ruffles. Mr. and Mrs. Bowhill held a reception after the wedding, the latter wearing a dress of sealing-wax red with an off-the-face hat to match. The bridegroom's mother, Mrs. Douglas Gordon, looked charming in an olive-green dress and hat, and among the guests were the Marchioness of Huntly, in a long coat and a hat in a lovely shade of raspberry red; Lady Douglas Gordon, in a maize-coloured frock which suited her lovely auburn hair; Lord and Lady Roderic Gordon, the Marchioness of Aberdeen, Sir Michael and Lady Malcolm, Mrs. Campbell of Dolphinton, Mrs. Harrison-Broadley, Col. and Mrs. Grant Suthie, Mrs. Callender of Burn, looking charming in pale grey; Lord and Lady Elphinstone, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Sir John Falconer, Major and Mrs. Balfour Paul of Cakemier, Miss Jean Faudell-Phillips and Col. Dalrymple-Hamilton, who proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom.

Another pretty wedding was at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, when Mr. F. Byers, youngest son of the late Sir John Byers and Lady Byers, married Miss Joyce Llewellyn, daughter of the late Sir David Llewellyn and Lady Llewellyn. The bride, who was given away by her eldest brother, Sir Rhys Llewellyn, is an attractive brunette and wore the most beautiful white satin dress embroidered round the neck and wrists with white sequins, and a long train and a tulle veil held in place by a wreath of tiny white orchids. She was followed by an enchanting retinue of tiny children. The smallest bridesmaid was two-and-a-half-years-old Rosana Fitzgerald, with Jennifer Anderson, Susan Berry and the Hon. Jane Pearson. The pages were Mark Smiley, Roy Annesly, who had come over from Ireland, and two little red-headed boys, Clive Garton and Damon de Laszlo. The Bishop of Llandaff took the marriage service.

The bride's mother, Lady Llewellyn, received the guests at the reception, where among others I saw the Earl of Lisburne and his daughter, Lady Auriel Vaughan; Col. David Pritchard and his pretty wife, who is a sister of the bride; her other sister, Mrs. Colin Anderson, with her husband and his mother, Lady Garret Anderson; Lady Buckland and her daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Morgan-Jones; Lord St. Aldwyn, Lady Cowdray, looking very attractive, with her bridesmaid daughter, Jane; Lady Mary Crichton, whose daughter was married at Windsor the week before; Sir Seymour



The Chilean Ambassador, Señor Bianchi, talking to H.H. the Aga Khan, who was renewing friendships after his long absence



Shahzada Y. Najmuddin, who gave the reception with members of the Dawoodi Bohra trade mission, with H.E. the Iranian Ambassador



Lord Tweedsmuir with a Saudi Arabian guest. The reception was held at a flat in Berkeley Square

AN INDIAN RECEPTION

Continuing HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

and Lady Boothby, Admiral Sir Douglas Fisher, the First Sea Lord; the Marquess and Marchioness of Huntly with her brother, Oswald, and his wife, Lady Mary Berry, in blue.

SHAHZADA Y. NAJMUDDIN and members of the Dawoodi Bhora Trade Mission held a reception recently in Mr. and Mrs. Hatim Attari's lovely flat overlooking Berkeley Square. The Aga Khan, who is renewing many old friendships this summer after his long absence, was sitting in a corner of the garden chatting to a group of friends, including Lord Tweedsmuir, who had come straight from the House of Lords and was on his way to speak at a meeting outside London.

Marie Marchioness of Willingdon came in early, and others I met were Viscount Erleigh, Rose Marchioness of Headfort, Hani Bey Hashim, of the Transjordan Legation, the Iranian Ambassador, Mrs. Tommy Hickman, looking nice in pink and black; Lady Evelyn Cobbold, Sir Gerald and Lady Campbell, who were talking to the Hon. Alistair Buchan and his wife; Nawab Mir Nawaz Jung, who is the Agent-General for Hyderabad, Prince George Galitzine and Lord Pentland.

IHAD an entertaining evening recently when I went down to dine at Glyndebourne with Mr. and Mrs. John Christie and listen to the opera *Orfeo* in the lovely theatre in their garden.

Orfeo was sung very beautifully by Kathleen Ferrier, who is also very decorative to look at, which is unusual for an opera singer. The same can be said about Ann Ayars, an American who sang Euridice very well. Among those I met there were the Earl and Countess of Portsmouth, the latter wearing most lovely amethyst and diamond jewellery; Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer, Lord Ivor Spencer-Churchill, Miss Roma Byron, Col. and Mrs. Jim Windsor-Lewis, Lady Wavell in one of the boxes, Mr. Richard Boughey, Miss Daphne Nixon, Miss Mary Davis, Miss Elizabeth Fenwicke Clennel with Col. and Mrs. Grieves and their daughter, Merlin, and Mr. Mark Sturdy escorting Miss Patricia Bailey.

THE ALLIES WELCOME COMMITTEE recently held a reception for members of the United Nations and officers of the Allied Forces, with the Rt. Hon. Anthony Eden as guest of honour.

This, like all the previous parties that have been given by this Committee under the inspired and able chairmanship of Sir Jocelyn Lucas, was a tremendous success, and it was very sad to hear Sir Jocelyn say that this party might

be the last. It seemed to me that the entire Corps Diplomatique were at the party, as well as military and naval attachés from most of the nations, and many M.P.s. Mr. Anthony Eden, in tremendous form, was meeting old and new friends incessantly; Mrs. Neville Chamberlain, with her graceful, quiet charm, was also kept busy meeting friends. Col. Pudov, the Soviet Assistant Military Attaché, was chatting to Brig. and Mrs. Scones. Three guests from the United States were Brig.-Gen. Shepard with Col. Byrne and Col. Bingham, who were over here for ten days visiting our Army training centres. Sir Alexander Fleming, the man to whom so many owe their lives as the discoverer of penicillin, was there with his wife. He told me how busy he is lecturing not only in this country but all over the world, so that he never has time to enjoy his country home in Suffolk.

Marie Marchioness of Willingdon and Lady Monkswell were both greeting many friends, and others I met were Lord Fermoy, who told me he was down from Norfolk for a short stay; Sir Frank Sanderson, Col. Bartlett, of the U.S. Army, and his wife; and Capt. J. B. Pearson and Lt.-Com. Johnson, of the U.S. Navy, with their very attractive wives. The Lord Privy Seal and Mrs. Greenwood were surrounded by a circle of friends. Others I noticed among the several hundred guests were Mrs. McIntyre, a charming Australian, with her daughter; Mr. and Mrs. Eric Rickman, Lady Guggenheim and the High Commissioner for Southern Rhodesia, and Mrs. Goodenough, looking very chic in blue.

THERE are two balls taking place this month, both in aid of excellent causes and centred round youth. Firstly, on July 11th there is the ball at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, in aid of the County of Surrey Army Cadet Force Welfare Fund. The Countess of Hopetoun is chairman of this ball and working hard to make it a great success. If it is a warm summer evening, I cannot think of anywhere more pleasant to dance, as there is to be an open-air ballroom and the grounds and lake will be illuminated. The second ball is a Youth and Service Ball, to take place in the Assembly Rooms, Edinburgh, on Tuesday, July 15th, in aid of the Scottish Association of Girls' Clubs, of which the Duchess of Buccleuch is the hard-working chairman. She has promised to raise £50,000 to help the Association, which wants to provide enough clubs for the younger generation in Scotland. This ball is sure to be a brilliant affair, as H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth is dining with the Duchess that evening, and has graciously consented to be present at the ball, the first to be held in these Assembly Rooms since the war.



At the reception: Lady Mary Berry, wife of the Hon. Oswald Berry, the Hon. Anthony Berry, Lord Oswald's youngest son, and the Marchioness and Marchioness of Huntly



Mr. H. Williams, who proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom, and Sir Seymour Boothby, Bt., a well-known Glamorganshire figure



The bride and bridegroom with their attendants. Mr. Byers is the younger son of Lady Byers, of Waterfoot House, Newcastle, Co. Down, and Mrs. Byers is the third daughter of Lady Llewellyn, The Court, St. Fagan's, Glamorgan. The wedding took place at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Mrs. L. W. B. Fisher, Capt. L. W. B. Fisher, Major W. H. R. Llewellyn, brother of the bride, and Miss S. E. Williams at the reception

**Wedding of Mr. F. M. R. Byers
and Miss Joyce Llewellyn**

ALLIES' WELCOME COMMITTEE RECEPTION

For Foreign and Dominion Visitors



Cdr. Allan Noble, M.P., Sub-Lt. Rees, of the Australian Navy, and Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha



S/Ldr. Manson and Mrs. Manson, Air Cdre. Buckley, Mrs. Buckley and W/Cdr. Denton



Mr. Anthony Eden, the guest of honour, addresses the visitors. The reception was held at the Dorchester



Mr. K. M. Goodenough, High Commissioner for Southern Rhodesia, Col. Watchorn, of the Australian Army, and Mrs. Goodenough



Lady Moore-Guggisberg and Miss Gladys Moncrieff, who is a well-known Australian singer



Count R. Zewaski, Mrs. Woyczynski and Countess Lloyd George were three more of the guests

THE THEATRE AND FILM BALL



Mr. Andrew Blackett with Mrs. Lyttleton and Miss Patti Morgan, the Australian film star



Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Mann, Mr. J. H. Barlett and Miss Lenbar. The ball was for the Women's Adjustment Board



Lady Waddilove, joint president, and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, one of the vice-presidents



Capt. A. M. Lothian and Miss Barbara Randall were also at the Dorchester



Viscountess Rothermere, chairman of the ball, with Miss Frances Day, the actress



Mr. Peter Quennell, the author, chatting with Lady Abby

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Cocktail Party by the Seine

Guests at a recent cocktail party given by Mme. Madeleine de Rauch at her lovely flat overlooking the river: Mme. Th. Godillot, Mme. Landau, Jean-Gabriel Domergue, the painter, Mme. Helly, Madeleine Sologne, the film-star, M. René Denis, Henry Cotton, the golfer, Mme. Marquisan, Mme. Assaut and the hostess

Priscilla in Paris

Rough and Smooth at the Velôdrome d'Hiver

THE dogs had their day right royally last Monday, when the S.S.C. held its annual show at the Palais des Sports. This is the old Velôdrome d'Hiver, but it sounds better to call it the "Sports Palace" on grand occasions. Fifteen hundred dogs yelped under the midday sun, and, at night, bayed to the moon that shone through the glass-domed roof, casting pin-points of light on the glittering championship cups.

I met many old friends at this show, where I was sad not to be exhibiting as I used to do. Mrs. Williams' "Scotties" had their usual success. She has given up her kennels since the early days of the war, when her husband, a well-known jockey in his day, who later worked with the Intelligence Service, was shot by the Germans, but she still has several fine personal pets. Mme. Marc Soudée—who holds the Résistance Medal and the Croix de Guerre—took many prizes for her beautiful dogs in the smooth-haired fox-terrier class. Mr. Ogden Bishop's cairns were in perfect condition, and never have I seen such splendid Skyes—my favourite breed—as those from the Chamardiére kennels, shown by Mme. Chamart-Hérault.

Prizes were also awarded in memory of Miss Ada N. King, a Scottish member of the A.T.E., whose West Highland "whites" were, in pre-war years, features of all dog shows in France and often in England. She was deported by the Germans in December 1940, released on account of her age (seventy) and ill-health a few months later, but died the following year from the effects of the ill-treatment she had received.

THE Bal du Panache was rather a scrum, but one was able to pick out some lovely creatures in gorgeous frocks in the *mêlée*. Prettiest and best-dressed of all the débutantes was Mlle. Yvonne de Contades, wearing a Jacques Fath frock of white tulle and a really lovely headdress (*panache*), designed by her mother, of bright green ribbon and towering

white aigrettes. The most amusing and outstanding figure was that of Miss H. Viborg, who arrived in all the war-paint and feathers of an Indian chief. It may not have been exactly flattering, since it sacrificed her natural complexion, but it gained her many scalps, which was quite in order.

A GAY and amusing cocktail party was given this week by Mme. Madeleine de Rauch, the famous designer of sports clothes, in her lovely *salons* of the rue Jean Goujon. She is one of the three beautiful Bourgeois sisters so well known in social and sporting circles. Mme. Gustave Gouhouilh, the eldest, has held the tennis championship of France, and, as a very young girl, often partnered Suzanne Lenglen, while Mme. Yan Le Quellec, the youngest, has



Voilà!

● Jean-Pierre is at the Zoo with his father. "Is it true, *petit père*," he asks, "that some animals change their fur and get new coats every year?" "Yes, son," answers papa with an anxious glance around, "but don't mention the fact in front of your mother!"

played at Wimbledon with René Lacoste and for several years held the French skating championship. The walls of the *salons* were decorated with golf-clubs, and golf-bags filled with flowers, while many silver cups and championship shields glimmered in softly-lighted, glass-fronted recesses.

All Paris was present, including Henry Cotton, the International Golf Champion, who came over expressly from London on this occasion. Amongst the guests were also: Mme. Guy Boutteville, president of the Fédération de Golf, M. H. de Lamaze (1947 champion-ship), M. François Perrier, who is scoring such a hit in A. M. Harwood's roaring box-office success *The Man in Possession* at the Ambassadeurs Théâtre; the Marquise de Polignac, Princesse Bibesco, Prince and Princesse Troubetskoi, Comte and Comtesse Antonetti, Baroness Locré with her tall, slim and very pretty daughter, Mme. France Midy (*née* Dubonnet), M. Raymond Rodet (known as tinned-peas and tennis), Prince Faucigny-Lucinge, and such famous stage and screen stars as Madeleine Sologne, who was enthusiastic about the new and exquisite perfume, "Pitch," invented by Mme. de Rauch, Alice Cocca, Ludmilla Tchérina, Arlette Marshal, Suzy de Berg (Mme. Léon Volterra) and Marguerite Solal.

AT time of writing we are gasping with dismay at the list of the new taxes that are to be levied in order to help the Treasury out of one of its ever-recurring jams. It looks as if, in the near future, Miss Chrysler 1926 will cost me an annual tax of 40,000 francs. I fear that this puts an end to my motoring days. I shall have to take the old steadfast to the Island, where I shall take her to pieces, bury her decently in the sand dunes, and plant forget-me-nots to mark the place. Not that I need such flowers to remind me of a friend I love so well.





Mr. J. B. Dossetor, Miss Noeni Young, Miss Jill Acton-Davis and Mr. Andrew Dossetor in the grounds of St. John's



Mr. J. Read, Miss Susan Read, Mr. P. Ellis, Miss Jean Smellie, Mr. P. Snow, Miss Mary Burton, Mr. G. Jenkins, Miss Peggy Jacobs and Mr. Gillian Carter under the coloured awning at St. John's



Miss J. Sullivan, wearing a charming striped dress, and Mr. P. C. Spensley at the Magdalen dance



Miss Mary Goss and Mr. P. Harvey, treasurer of the St. John's dance, walking in the garden



Standing by a panelled door at St. John's: Miss Patricia Rawlence and Mr. Derek Hill-Smith



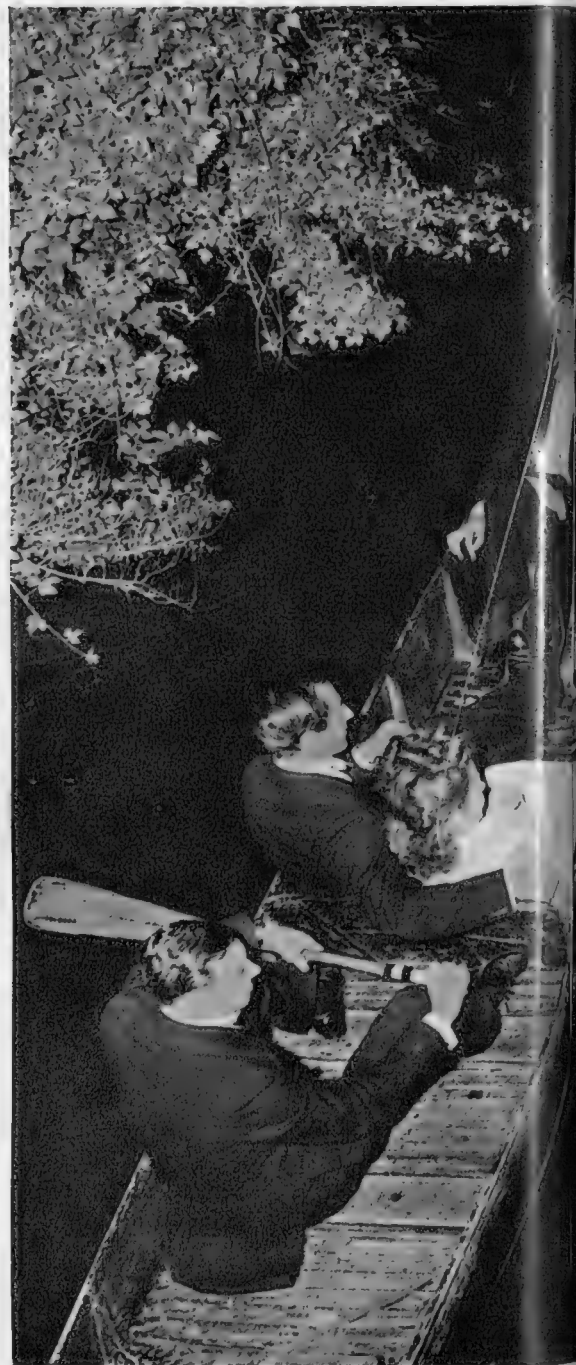
Two Norwegians who went to the St. John's dance were Miss Astrid Aagaard and Mr. Andor Birkeland



Mr. Kenneth Mole, Miss Susan Stephenson, Mrs. Elizabeth Medcraft and Mr. Peter Wallis sitting in the grounds of Magdalen, which provided a pleasant change during the intervals in dancing

COMMEMORATION

Some of the Guests at the



"... as the slow...
A happy



Another St. John's group: Mr. L. Rothfield, Miss Josephine Stanton, Mr. B. Conan, Miss Ruth Cropper, Mr. O. Heape, Miss Ann Newbolt, Mr. P. Smith, Mr. P. McNulty, Miss Sheila McGann, Miss Valerie Ethell and Mr. B. Ethell



At Magdalen: Major Norman Kark, Miss Margaret Schmahmann, Mr. Amsten Kark, Mrs. Kark, Mr. F. H. Lowry-Corry, R.N., and Miss Pamela Brian

WEEK AT OXFORD

ees at Magdalen and St. John's



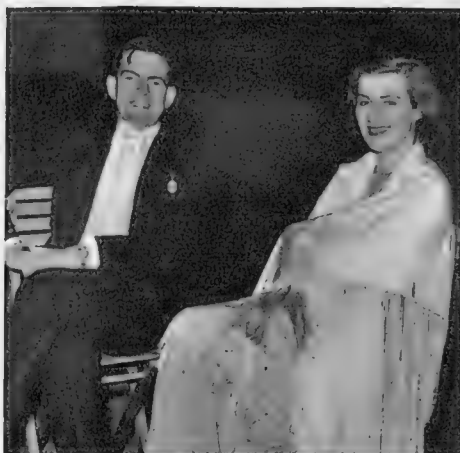
wings round"—at midnight.
at Magdalen



Dr. and Mrs. Betty Taggart, two Magdalen guests, take a cooling drink in the grounds



Miss Audrey Woodmore, in a full-skirted dinner dress, and Mr. D. B. Bleloch at Magdalen



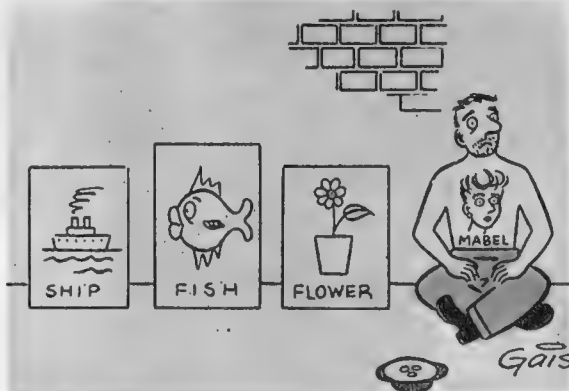
Another couple who, like so many others, favoured the open air were Miss Joy Newgass and Mr. Oliver Lough



Sitting out a dance at Magdalen: Mr. E. N. Balfour and Miss E. MacNeice Foster



Mr. K. Egleston, Mr. B. Roberts, Miss R. Rivett, the Hon. Basil Kenworthy, Miss A. Spears, Mr. D. Wilson, Miss A. Wayte, Miss J. Verdon-Roe, Mr. R. Flower and Miss E. Studd



D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Standing By ...

THERE is a novel by Arnold Bennett in which a very rich petulant chap unable to get a tankard of beer (or is it a mutton-chop?) in an expensive hotel buys the whole place forthwith. A citizen who recently bought the Metropole at Blackpool for £500,000 seems to have had no such incentive, but can have his fun all the same, maybe.

Some years ago when an American actress socked a leading theatre-critic after supper at the Savoy we very much wanted—and still want—to buy the place and fill it with little actresses fighting critics nightly, tooth and nail. We'd serve those babies a tasty and heating Battle Supper at special rates. Menu:

Les Hors d'Œuvres Joe Louis.
La Timbale d'Epinoches en Bataille.
Le Bœuf Enragé à la Paprika, Sauce Flambante.
Les Pommes de Terre Poivrées à l'Engueulade.
Le Pouding Tigresse, Crème Charivari.
Les Crêpages de Chignons.

Epinoches are sticklebacks, a very bellicose little fish, like most actresses. The special Critics' Supper, served simultaneously, would be full of vitality-lowering food like *Le Parsley Soup* and *Le Suet Pouding*. However, the price of the Savoy happened to be beyond our means, so we temporarily dropped the idea. Some millionaire with brains and energy might develop it into London's leading West End entertainment, which isn't saying much, Heaven knows. (No offence.)

Sesame

SPELÆOLOGISTS are raving, apparently, over the discovery of new stalactic formations in a cave in the Mendip Hills. Do you know any spelæologists? Would Mumsie like you to? One doubts it.

Having known one, we can tell you here and now that the boys are not everybody's tea. Their lives are spent on their bellies, like snakes, crawling in and out of subterranean caverns. It's no life for a sweet, healthy, open-air English Rose to be chained to such troglodytes—unless, of course, they happen like Ali Baba to hit on a cavern full of gold and diamonds. Even then, until ferocious robbers came along

and carved them, they'd be hunting exclusively for stalactites.

Cassim Baba, who got the packet, never thought of this, or his story might have taken a different twist as the scimitars flashed.

"O dog! O sharkspaw! O louse of Eblis! What is this?"

"Sir, I am a member of the Baghdad Spelæology Club, devoted to stalactic formations."

"Hold it, boys."

Brief discussion. The Robber Captain says hey, saps, here's a chance of a dollop of scientific information. A big, cross robber says it stinks. A Gallup Poll is then taken, with no result worth mentioning, as usual. Meanwhile Cassim Baba goes on crawling, and the Robber Captain has an idea.

"Hey, you, are you like this at home?"

"Sir, this is my normal position."

"Does your wife like it?"

"Sir, a spelæologist's mate obeys."

Footnote

As most ferocious robbers have a hellish life at home this wins admiration and respect, so the gang let Cassim Baba crawl and take a course of elementary spelæology at Baghdad University forthwith. When Mrs. Cassim Baba hears of all those untouched diamonds there is, naturally, big trouble. What were you expecting, a fairy story?

Ur

As an ex-landowner (15 acres) we think that £180 an acre paid recently for a freehold dairy-farm in Devonshire not so dusty, for the vendor. Doubtless the new lord of this land will learn how to handle the local villeins in time. It is not so difficult as you urban slickers think, consisting mainly of grunting the word "Ur" at calculated intervals.

That is how land is sold in the Hick Belt, also pigs and cattle. You stare silently at a prize cow for half an hour and then poke it gently in the ribs, and say to its owner, "Ur," meaning "Sir, whoever finds himself inclined to anticipate futurity, and exalt possibility to certainty, must fall from the peaks of exhilaration into the quagmire of despair," and leading up courteously to the fact that he seems to be taking you for a sucker. To which, after a long pause, he will reply "Ur," implying gently grieved deprecation of any attempt to skin you, tempered by a bitter resolve to have your lifeblood come what may. That ends the debate for the day. After being continued daily over a week a final "Ur" on either side settles it.

When buying arable land you pick up a fistful and smell it critically, taste it, crumble it, and toss it away, saying "Ur," implying that the land is not in good heart, or is coked, or mildewed, or whatever happens to land. The "Ur"-exchange develops as before. The whole process is deathly serious except for the lawyers concerned, who lurk behind wire window-blinds in the county town laughing fit to kill.

Zoo

A CITIZEN who recently described his ever-loving wife (to the great scandal of the Press boys) as "a yellow snake" was possibly paying her the most gallant of compliments, as Cleopatra would have agreed. What is the difference between this posy and "Serpent of Old Nile"?

Love's zoology is full of snags. In these islands you may call the beloved a kitten, but not a cat; a mouse, but not a rat. It is strictly forbidden to compare her—at least in public—to a female bow-bow, however charming it may be. As Somerset Maugham has observed, gentlemen do this only in private. You may not call her a horse, an elephant, a vulture, or a giraffe, but you may call her, amid approving purrs, a duck, a goose, a swan, or a stag's fiancée, as Wordsworth called his girl friend Lucy.

She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs, etc.

Lucy bridled meekly with pleasure at this tribute from her William (surnamed Hippocephalos, or Horse-Face). If he had taken another zoological line, e.g.:

She shall galumph across the lawn
Like camels dancing jigs at dawn, etc.,

Lucy would have chased him furiously into Lake Windermere, no doubt.

"Tigress" is tacitly approved by *femmes fatales*, with jungle-red claws, but not "shark," "mosquito," or "tarantula." We often wish we knew why.

Pen

WHILE Mr. Milton Reynolds, the wealthy American pen manufacturer, flies shortly round the North and South Poles for fun, our heart will be with the workers toiling in his factories at their dangerous task.

Nothing causes more damage than pens, as every business man knows. With the old quills you had time, while shaping the operative end with a small silver knife, to reflect, and maybe this led you to strike out "Darling Oopsy-Boopsy" in favour of "Dear Miss Merry-weather," a very prudent move. Nowadays business men merely seize a fountain-pen from the malachite stand and dash down all that is in their lonely and emotional hearts, and to buy all this back from Ickle-Pickle in due course comes more and more expensive, our City spies report. Very few business men today have the courage of Byron, who described his torment Lady Caroline Lamb, when writing to friends, and accurately, as a b—h, and did not give a hoot (nor did she). Today lawyers reading that aloud would blench and swoon and judges would lie back appalled.

"Take your time, Mr. Howl! Compose yourself."
"Asyludshp pl-pleases" (Sob).

(Interval, broken by a K.C.'s gasps and snuffles).

"What is your brief marked, Mr. Howl?"



"Personally, I prefer 'em 'jugged'"

"A monkey and fifty, mlud." (Sob.)
"Oh, hell!"

Afterthought

HIS LORDSHIP'S involuntary cry, familiar in the Courts, signifies realisation that much more forensic agony has been paid for, and that at the proper moment Mr. Howl will throw a fit, owing to the wickedness of man and the especial villainy of the defence. Wise chaps hire a good hard-mouthed counsel *vetted by somebody inside the racket*. If you think you can trust 'em, this is the best way.

Tip

SUCH thousands of booksy boys and girls are scribbling away day and night, like passionate beavers, that a doyen of the racket was recently complaining that it is becoming almost impossible to find a good new book-title; and no wonder.

We commend to the harassed a dip into the pamphlet section of the Harleian Miscellany, which is chockablock with arresting titles, apart from such stock puritan whimsy as *Hooks-and-Eyes for Believers' Breeches*, or *a Most Spirituall Snuffe-Box*, to make the Most Devout Soules Sneeze Agen. E.g., a model for the sexy-brawlers:

The Memoires of Monsieur Du Vall; whereunto are annex'd his Last Speech and Epitaph; intended as a Severe Reflexion on the too-great Fondness of English Ladies towards French Footmen, etc., etc. (1670).

And something for the crime-novel department:

English Villainies, seven severall Times prest to Death by the Printers, but still Reviving Agen, as first discover'd by Lanthorne and Candle-Light, and the Help of a New Cryer, call'd O-per-se-O, whose loud Voice proclaims another Conspiracy of Abuses to hurt the Peace of this Kingdome, etc., etc. (1658).

Postscript

SOMETHING for the serio-political thinkerettes:

Margery Good-Cow, that gave a Gallon of Milk, and kick'd down the Pail, and bewrai'd the Milkmaid; what did shee merit? speak, Gentlemen; a Short Discourse, shewing, that there is not a Garden due from this Nation to Old Oliver for his Pretended Services, etc., etc. (1659).

And something for the fun-and-games girls:

The Shee-Wedding; or, a Mad Marriage, between a Seaman's Mistress and a Carpenter's Wife at Deptford. Being the full Relation of a cunning Intreague, etc., etc. (1684).

Another good suggestion is that the more married boys and girls simply give up writing and take to work instead. We wouldn't want them unsympathetic.

LUNACY FRINGE

By METCALF



A "GRAMPODIUS" twanging
after receiving a kick on the head!



Lord and Lady Tedder with Miss Antoinette Cellier. The dinner was held at the Savoy



Mr. Clifford Mollison, chairman of the dinner, and Mrs. Mollison received the guests



Mr. Griffith Jones and Miss Dorothea Macfarlane, who is one of the principals of "Oklahoma!"



Mr. Frank Cellier, the veteran actor, with Miss Enid Cracknell and Mr. Bruce Seton

Swabe

The Green Room Club Annual Dinner

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

WHEN the credit manager of an American newspaper sent a bill reminder for an advertisement to the proprietor of a fur store, an explanation came back that payment was delayed because of the help shortage.

"You know," the letter concluded, "we get a little underhanded sometimes."

A MAN who discovered the joys of fishing rather late in life became even more insistent than ordinary anglers upon recounting his triumphs to sceptical acquaintances. Enraged by their thinly-veiled hints that he was a liar, he bought a pair of scales, installed them in his library, and made his friends watch while he actually weighed the fish he had caught.

One evening a neighbour burst in excitedly and sought permission to borrow the scales. He was back in ten minutes, his face flushed with delight. "Congratulate me," he cried, "I am the father of a 24-lb. baby boy."

A MAN ordered a drink and then found he had no cigarettes. Looking round the bar, he said: "Anyone got a cigarette for sixpence?"

There was still no answer when he put up his bid to a shilling. Even £50 produced no response.

Finally he said: "Look here, I've a Rolls outside. That's for anyone who produces a cigarette."

A quiet little man in the corner then piped up: "What year?" he asked.

(By the way, this is styled a shaggy motor-car story.)

ON his appointment, the new manager of a bank was given much publicity, and photographs of him were reproduced in local newspapers. Most of them were not flattering.

A depositor wandered into the bank, walked up to the manager, produced one of the photographic reproductions, and asked: "Is this your picture?"

The manager assured him that it was.

"And are you the manager of this bank?"

The other admitted that he was.

"Then give me my money!" demanded the depositor.

IN Washington an attractive young Government worker made a practice of coming in a few minutes late every day. Repeated warnings by her supervisor had no effect. Finally, in exasperation he announced: "Miss Brown, I am tired of talking about your tardiness. I am, therefore, suspending you for one day without pay. When would you like to take the day?"

"Well, if it's all right with you," she replied instantly, "I'd like to use it up being late."

ALL professors are supposed to be absent-minded, but this one was worse than usual. He was out one day and he vaguely remembered that he had to get his wife some preserving-jars. He walked into a shop and saw some displayed upside-down on a counter. He looked at them and said, "Absolutely useless. The things have no mouths."

Then he picked one up and looked at the other end. "Absurd," he muttered. "Absolutely absurd. They have no bottoms, either."



Jack Kramer, the U.S. favourite, playing C. Cucelli (Italy)



Dinny Pails (Australia) leaps to a backhand shot



Taking two hands to it—G. E. Brown, of Australia

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

AN old and sage friend who spent many blistering years upon India's Coral Strand, and, perhaps, said good-bye to it in much the same terms as the fabled subaltern as the ship dropped the lights of Bombay—the story is far too rude to elaborate—writes me: "Mountbatten must be a wonder! He is like the fellow who said, 'I work miracles, and by God they come off, too.' (Wasn't it someone in Kipling's books?) Anyhow, he got them round the table, and they seem (temporarily) to be eating out of his hand. What the upshot of it all will be is on the knees of the gods." Of course, I concur!

The operative word is not hard to spot. There are a good many wild horses yet to be backed and broken, and it remains to be seen, when the Viceroy leaves, whether there is an artist with the hands and seat good enough to do the necessary. So far I cannot see one anywhere near the required class.

Coincidence?

IT may be nothing more, but the fact remains that almost on the very day, and certainly near the very hour, when the Duke is said to have made the remark, "Night or Blücher," the great *revanche* for Waterloo was signally stemmed. On the afternoon of June 18th Wellington began to wonder how much more of the French cavalry we could stand; on June 17th at Ascot 132 years afterwards, John Bull, led by Sir John Jarvis, counter-attacked, and with such effect that only three of the enemy got within biscuit-shy of our defences: Solina in the Queen Anne Stakes (gallantly won by Mr. Jack Dewar's Woodruffe); Sitacles well and truly stretched for dead in the Coventry Stakes (won most convincingly by Lt.-Col. Giles Loder's The Cobbler), and Brillante II. equally heavily repulsed in the Queen Mary Stakes (won in a canter by the Aga Khan's Masaka). British bayonets yet once again stuck it out, and although the sting may not even now have been taken out of the enemy attack, this vigorous riposte came at the very right moment.

Personally, I have always found a long-headed French philosopher an excellent recipe for keeping the hair on. In *Maxime Morale* 49, the Duc de la Rochefoucauld wrote: "On n'est jamais si heureux ni si malheureux qu'on s' imagine." I can thoroughly recommend M. le Duc to anyone who has never met him. You need a long line to plumb the depths of his wisdom.

Battle Honours

TOP of the list must be placed the long-journey men, and on Ascot's first day Reynard Volant won the first D.S.O. and notched

another for that grand Foxhunter blood, to which Voluntary also owes his stoutness. It was a right and left for Reynard Volant, since he also won the Ascot Stakes last year, and to Sir John Jarvis, Jack Jarvis and E. Smith are due the joint and several congratulations of all of us. I think the pilot is one of the best long-distance jockeys of a decade. Most of the butcher-boy class can win a sprint, but the other thing demands a "professor."

It is not possible to comment on Reynard Volant's fine effort in the Queen Alexandra Stakes on the last day, because the inquiry into the running of the winner, Monsieur l'Amiral, is *sub judice* by the Stewards of the Jockey Club on reference from the Stewards of Ascot. Next honours must go to Mrs. A. Johnston's Auralia. This grey colt ought by rights to be a mare! He beat a thundering good field in the Gold Vase, and not the least index of its merit is Ford Transport (*vide* the recent Queen's Prize at Kempton).

As to the two-year-olds' "Two Thousand" (Coventry Stakes) and "One Thousand" (Queen Mary Stakes), it looks as if Lt.-Col. Giles Loder might possess something out of the ordinary in The Cobbler. He won his race from pillar to post, and if Brillante II. is as good as she has been cracked up to be by her French admirers, then the Aga's Masaka by Nearco out of Majideh by Mahmoud must be a very high-class lady.

Hunt Cup Day and After

THOUGH we did not manage to hold the line intact, for the invader in the person of M. Marcel Boussac's nice two-year-old Djerib defied all opposition in the Chesham Stakes, and both the Hunt Cup winner, Master Vote, and the Coronation winner, Saucy Sal, are by the French sire Atout Maître, it was a day out for one of the best of one of the younger generation of our trainers, Mr. H. G. Blagrove. He owns the former and his charming wife the latter. Otherwise, all was well. It looked none too good for Djerib close home, for Phætonia, wearing the Dewar jacket, was hard held; in the last furlong, however, the Frenchman prevailed and won fairly comfortably by a length.

In the last race Mr. Dewar capped Tudor Minstrel's bloodless St. James's Palace Stakes on the first day by an equally effortless success with Combat in the Rous Memorial, the enemy, as represented by Goyama, a four-year-old, never having the ghost of a chance. As to Master Vote, England can claim a good half of him, for his dam, Plebiscite, is by Fairway out of a Hurry On mare, thus reviving memories of that good Derby winner Call Boy. The favourites all fell down badly in the Hunt Cup, and not one of them even looked like it.

Gold Cup day turned out according to plan, for we had nothing carrying enough metal to beat the French, but if consolation there is, it resides in the fact that we saw the confirmation of the quality of the winner of last year's King George VI. Stakes. What a good one Souverain must be, and what a disappointment not to see him in a return match with Marsyas II., who beat him so pointless in the Prix du Cadran on May 11th. M. Boussac has the sympathy of all of us upon Marsyas' breakdown; however, he has an invaluable asset at the stud.

The New Stakes, a dead-heat between Lerins and Delirium with Howdah a short head away, I suggest most emphatically ought not to encourage us to get false ideas. The Cobbler's time in the Coventry Stakes was nothing remarkable, but he won unextended in 1 min. 3½ secs., but these colts were out to the last ounce in a second longer on a very fast course. So I am sure that we shall be wise to hold our horses, for the watch is sometimes a good guide.

As to the fourth day, since the only happening which attracts any comment is *verbotten*, as this leaves me at present, there is nothing to do but record that the Ascot Stewards, after interviewing the owner, trainer and jockey of Monsieur l'Amiral, winner of the Queen Alexandra Stakes, sent the matter up to the Stewards of the Jockey Club. At one point in this contest this horse was nearly a furlong behind his field; eventually he got up and beat Reynard Volant a length. In the Churchill Stakes (2 miles) on June 18th he finished fifth. He won the Cesarewitch (2½ miles) last year. The distance of the Queen Alexandra Stakes is 2 miles 6 furlongs and 75 yards.

An Indian School of Cricket

H. H. THE MAHARAJAH OF PORBANDAR, a most devoted subject of King Willow, and a good exponent to boot, can claim the proud distinction of having established the first Indian School of Cricket, and he has called it most appropriately the Duleep School. It was opened by someone we know very well in England, Prince Duleep Singhji and by Mr. Vijay Merchant, who is likewise in the top class in India. I gather, after reading the inaugural address, that H.H. thinks that anyone who does not play cricket is hardly worth bothering about. Perhaps he is right, provided it is strict cricket.

In all this Indian enthusiasm for the departure of the British Raj, I have not noticed one note of gratitude for the things that we are leaving behind us. We took polo from the East (Manipur and Persia), but we gave India cricket, racing and football, to make no mention of that less boisterous game, lawn tennis. I wish the Duleep School all possible luck.



From South Africa: Mrs. M. D. Muller and Miss S. P. Summers



Mrs. Betty Hilton (Great Britain) making a forehand return



D. R. Stuart
Margaret Osborne and Louise Brough, the U.S.A. doubles pair, also favourites for the singles final

A Wimbledon That Saw Strange Turns of Fortune

This year's championships at Wimbledon attracted the most brilliant younger players from all over the world. In consequence the tennis, from the spectators' point of view, was full of incident and excitement, of which the beating of the Australian favourite, Bromwich, by Patty, the American, was a typical example. British players gained few successes but fought gallantly throughout

Scoreboard



CRICKET and high thinking oftengotogether. Not every face at Lord's is the front-window of a total vacuum. Sitting for an hour in a recent Test Match on the Mound Stand, or Bleachers, I heard a voice, like a broken beer-bottle being poured into a dust-bin, saying, "As to

Shakespeare, I can stomach his tragedies and historical plays, but his comedies give me the dry heaves." At what other game would you hear an opinion so universally held being so lucidly expressed?

CERTAINLY not at Wimbledon. There, I found, the conversation is more domestic and personal. "I wonder if it's dyed," were the words that floated to my ears, as Kramer executed a stop-volley of exquisite control; and, while Falkenberg was serving one of his rockets, "If that's a Dover sole, I told him, I'm a whale."

At all games, medical symptoms provide a popular causerie among spectators. Once, at Twickenham, while 60,000 pairs of eyes waited upon one place-kick, my neighbour turned to the lady on his right and said, "He thinks it's gout; but, of course, it's really sand in the kidneys."

THIS week's Quiz:—

Dr. W. G. Grace was

(a) The inventor of vaccination?

(b) Dean of St. Paul's?

(c) A cricketer?

(d) Honorary Trustee of the Victoria and Albert Museum?

Stamped envelopes only.

A PASSING thought. Cricketers, while at the crease, are comparatively immune from the advice of their wives. No comforting voice, as the middle stump lies flat, murmurs, "My dear, had you only played forward instead of back. . . ." But at golf, how often has Cupid shuddered with anxiety to hear the lady say, "The spoon was the right club, dear, not the iron," or "Never up, never down." By the way, how many of you know that when Henry

Cotton is playing badly his wife calls him "Cotton"?

A CORRESPONDENT, working in mauve ink, asked me the other day, "What is wrong with British Sport?" We might just as well ask, "What is wrong with the moon?" or "Are sunsets what they were?"

I fancy, mark you, that he had been through a depressing day. Horse after horse had passed the winning post singing "The Marseillaise." The Federation of Bookmakers had tabled a motion that all tick-tack men should take Evening Classes in French Grammar. The final of a British Professional Golf Tournament was to be fought out between a Belgian and an Australian. But my mauve correspondent is living in a Victorian haze. Time was, quite recently, when foreigners playing games were thought to be more than a little comic. When an Italian, just before the Kaiser's War, won the Diamond Sculls at Henley, many felt that the judges must have somehow made a mistake. This competitor, surely, should have been selling ice-cream or dressing his monkey for the organ.

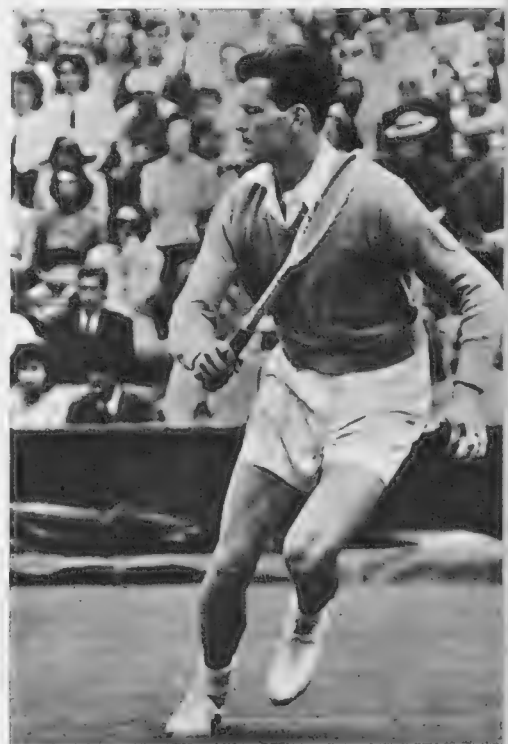
Some eight years later came the Lenglen, the only Lenglen. She beat all our ladies into a frazzle; and it was the popular thing to say that she had taken a mean advantage by practising on a court marked out, like a chess-board, into squares. It was affronting, *incroyable*, in one presumably reared on a diet of frogs. Then came the Americans, holing our championship golf courses in indecently low scores. And we comforted ourselves by saying that they dressed far too loudly and used illegal clubs.

BUT does it all matter? The Germans beat us in the Olympic Games of 1936, but they subsequently lost a more important fixture. After all, what is British Sport? You will find it, if you care, in some side-street down Vauxhall way, with a cast-off jacket as one goal-post and the youngest brother as the other; or on any bowling green, on a summer evening, where Mr. Bert Brown measures the rival woods with becoming gravity; or in the billiard saloon of the Dog and Duck, where Mr. Henry Smith, while trying to sink the Blue, flies in off the Black like a cork from a bottle of the Old and Nutty.

R.C. Robertson Glasgow



Mme. Rurac (Rumania) in action against Mrs. R. W. Baker (Australia), whom she beat 6-4, 6-0



Budge Patty, the unseeded U.S. player, in his winning match with John Bromwich, Australia's No. 1

ARMY GOLF AT ALDERSHOT

The Aldershot Command Golf Club has recently had its nine-hole course improved by Capt. L. J. Torrie, the golf-course architect, and to celebrate its opening an 18-hole, four-ball match was played by Lt.-Col. H. S. Mitchell and Major A. A. Duncan against Major D. A. Blair, 1947 Army champion, and Major W. A. Stevenson, which ended all square. Major Blair is seen putting at the first hole, an entirely new one



Elizabeth Bowen's

Bookshelf

Reviewed Here

"Passengers of Destiny"

"First Love, and Other Stories"

"Black Country"

"A Man Called Jones"

IT seems a far cry from John Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga* to Louis Aragon's *Passengers of Destiny* (Pilot Press; 15s.). One is a study of restraint and tradition, the other of unrestraint, of trial and error, of people painfully evolving their own law. One deals with England—and with, possibly, the most English stratum of England—the other with France: accordingly, there are in *Passengers of Destiny*, this very long novel by one of the most prominent French writers of to-day, episodes which will come to the English reader as a succession of shocks.

None the less, these two major works of fiction into which history enters have got something in common. Both cover, roughly, the same period in time—the last decade of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth, up to 1914. (*The Forsyte Saga* continued, I am aware, on into the post-the-First-World-War period, but the true core of the novels which go to make up the *Saga*, and Galsworthy's own closest grip on his subject, seem to me to belong to earlier years.) Both centre around a family and an outer group of personages who affect the destinies of its members—Galsworthy creates, for instance, the woman Irene, who is to be a fateful figure for more than one Forsyte man. Aragon gives us, in much the same rôle, the mysterious Reine, who enters and profoundly disturbs the lives of both Pierre Mercadier and his son Pascal.

CHIEFLY, however, these two books are akin in being studies of private life in unwilling relation to history, to what is happening round it. The Mercadiers, like the Forsytes, are upper middle class, reasonably secure (at least, at the start of the story), and wedded to inherited ideas. Pierre, the hero of *Passengers of Destiny*, represents, it is true, a deviation from his family type: by taste an impassioned historian, he has decided to be a professor, teaching history at a succession of schools, supplementing his modest professional salary with his private income.

Traditionally, however, the Mercadiers have been adventurous, with a tendency to run away to sea: Pierre, with such forbears, cannot but find academic life unsatisfying—first he speculates; then, after leaving his wife and children, he goes to Monte Carlo and plunges into gambling.

We first meet Pierre at the Paris Exhibition of 1889, gazing up at the Eiffel Tower with his charming, witless little wife, Paulette—who, three times in succession, remarks: "How dreadful!" They are provincials, though cultivated provincials, on holiday: he is thirty-three, she—product of a slightly more aristocratic, landed family—ten years younger. Paulette frankly dislikes anything outside her ken, not least the future and any signs of change. Pierre's reactions to his own time, to the present-day with its inevitable shadows cast by the future, are more complicated: he is by profession an individualist, a non-political man, only desiring to live his own life (for him, a by no means simple affair).

At the same time, he is not a historian for nothing.

Early on in the story we have the Panama crash, which threatens the young Mercadiers with ruin; later the Dreyfus case, which affects Pierre in the field of personal relationships and forces him to think. In fact, he is a portrait with a living background: instead of static clouds painted on a canvas we have the scurrying, often threatening skies of French political life during those decades. The "passenger" idea in the title of the novel comes from an obsession, or haunting image, of Pierre's, which he sets down in a notebook—

One and all we are borne towards this horrible fatality in a gigantic omnibus which is, itself, condemned to destruction, while we remain unconscious of the motion that animates it or the engine that drives it. I remember one evening having crossed Paris just as the street lamps were being lit, in one of those jolting vehicles, as it swam like a huge whale through the gathering shadows. It was an evening when I felt particularly troubled and sad, my mind spinning with the names of stocks and bonds, market quotations, and figures on which my liberty depended, like a poor wandering soul possessed by all the demons of computation. Of a sudden everything seemed foreign to me, the cafés, the boulevards, the shops. I began to look about at my neighbours on the upper deck of the bus, no longer as chance companions . . . but rather as travellers mysteriously chosen to go through life with me. I began to notice that already, though the run had been short, certain bonds had been forged between us, a woman's smile, a man's fixed stare, two old men joined in conversation—

a rough draft of human society. And I thought with horror that all of us, strangers to each other, were menaced to the same degree by a possible accident. . . .

I thought that this top-deck, or, rather, the omnibus itself, represented a fair metaphor of life. For there are two kinds of people in the world, those who, like the people on the top deck, are carried along without any knowledge of the machine they inhabit, and the others who know what makes the wheels go round, who manipulate the machinery of the monster. And the former can never know what the others are like, for from the top deck you can see only the cafés, the street lamps, and the stars. I am incurably one of them.

FELLOW-PASSENGERS, indeed, along the route of their common human fate, are the characters in this novel. Numerous and diversified, they differ in their outlook as much as they do in their circumstances—yet they cannot escape one another: they are contemporaries, all making the same journey forward through time.

M. Aragon opens to us a fascinating, and haunting, human gallery; and the story is full of passions, loves and hates, hopes and fears.

The scene varies as often as does subject and mood—we have Paris, provincial France, a drama-packed family summer holiday in a château in the Juras, Pierre's Italian wanderings, and the (I think) brilliant Monte Carlo passage in which Pierre meets Reine and sights, with hatred, her German diplomat lover.

Pierre's last illness, in the gimcrack summer villa at Garches, tended by the ridiculous, adoring old Dora Tarnier, "madame" of an establishment in Paris, is the grand crisis of the book—

In this sceptical century in which all the great transports of the soul have become extinct, here they all were, like coloured postcards, reflected in these eyes not yet entirely cleansed of an ignoble and wasted life. All the sentiments which had lost currency in this year 1914 found refuge in the heart of this old bawd who had crossed the sacred river and recovered her childhood purity. Not a single one of those grand illusions for which men refused to die in the twentieth century (now arrived at the age of adolescent cynicism), not a single exploded soap bubble but had the glow of Paradise Regained in that wandering mind of hers.

"FIRST LOVE, AND OTHER STORIES," by Viola Meynell (Cape; 9s.), falls like gentle dew on the arid, volcanic landscape of the present-day literary scene. This is civilised writing about civilised people: Miss Meynell depicts, in these short stories, a world not only without war or rumours of wars, but without neurotics, social rebels, drunks, full-time amorists or any other of those disorderly bores who crowd the forefront of so much fiction to-day. The effect is to make me (for one) feel that life really was more interesting when people behaved more calmly; when less was said, or shouted, and more had time to be felt.

I do not suggest that the *First Love* stories are all sweetness and light—on the contrary, the very quietness of the scenes allows play for irony, and for a perceptive view of the endless divagations of human nature. Many of the less amiable of the ladies have iron little hands inside their suede gloves; many of the more plausible of the men are deceivers ever; and the tension behind conversations is not less because they are spoken in the polite idiom. In its delicate way, the tale "Darling" is as vindictive as anything by Maupassant; of "Diminuendo," with its sad little situation, I can only complain that it is too short.

"The Time, the Place, and the Loved One," in which philandering on a liner culminates in a futile love-chase all over the continent of Australia, seems to me to be story-craft at its best. "We Were Saying"—in which we have a touching, boring, deaf cousin imposed on a somewhat self-centred family—is a muted little tragedy spiced with malice; "Mr. Enos, Coloured Clergyman" shows a nice comic spirit; scene, a guest house.

"Pastoral," which gains by comparative length, is, I think, the "strongest" piece in the collection: the situation between the delicate, over-bred girl and her farmer husband, in the year-round of a lonely country setting, rings true and is beautifully drawn. Only D. H. Lawrence—an artist more tender than is often remembered—could have handled this theme at such a level of art.

"BLACK COUNTRY," by Walter Allen (Paul Elek; 9s. 6d.), is an admirable contribution to a new series of regional books, collectively entitled "Vision of England." The general editors of the series are Clough and Anabel Williams-Ellis; and its achievement, if the standard set by Mr. Allen be maintained, should be considerable.

The aim is, the *understanding* of those many different Englands which lie inside the boundaries

RECORD OF THE WEEK

ON Columbia (L.X. 998-1002) the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Fritz Reiner, make an excellent recording of Symphony No. 6 Opus 53 by Shostakovich. The conductor gets every ounce out of an obviously interested and willing orchestra, and the tone is first-rate.

Originally intended as a tribute to Lenin, the Sixth Symphony dates back to 1939. It was written to include a choral section which has apparently been shelved from the present recording, issued in the States in 1945. The whole work is well worth hearing, the scherzo being particularly good. The sixth side of the recording is occupied by the overture *Colas Breugnot*, by the Russian composer and pianist Kabalevsky. The work first appeared in 1937 as the opera *The Master of Clamecy*, taken from Rolland's novel *Colas Breugnot*, and is written in the tradition of good Central European light opera. The overture is easy to follow, melodic and gay. It is well orchestrated and exceedingly well played and recorded. The final crescendo is really exciting and brilliant.

Robert Tredinnick.

of the one: for this we need something more than merely descriptive or informative writing—do not guide books already offer us that? The choice of Mr. Allen—a novelist whose increasing reputation owes much to a blend of imagination with realism—to write about the Black Country is very sound. At the edge of this region he grew up: its atmosphere affected him before he was old enough to explore its features. Drawing upon fancy as well as fact, alive to the past that, in old buildings and older legends, still rears its head; and, at the same time, imaginatively seized with the sociological realities of to-day, he has interpreted the Black Country to the general reader as, probably, few could.

Take, for instance, this passage about the Rowley Hills—

Only a city-bred child could think of the Rowley Hills as country, yet in any consideration of the Black Country the child's point of view is important. It is a wonderful district for children, romantic, mysterious, a constant spur to the imagination. The canals that run straight for miles through towns

and derelict land, that suddenly disappear into the black hollows of tunnels two miles long and reappear as suddenly to be borne on aqueducts over roads and railway lines; the deserted mine workings whose depths, it seems, no dropped stone will ever plumb; the marlholes ringed with coarse grass and bottomed with dirty water; the slag-heaps and pit-mounds which, for clambering up and playing king of the castle upon, are as good for any child as more respectable hills; all these, and in particular the unexpected juxtapositions of them one with another, make the Black Country a true Tom Tiddler's Ground, far richer in gold and silver than the asphalt playgrounds equipped with cast-iron seesaws and swings that the local authorities incline to make on the waste patches.

THE Black Country is, as Mr. Allen remarks, not a district likely to be visited for pleasure. There exists, with many people, an ignorance as to its exact locale and extent: accordingly, his definition of what and where the Black Country is will be useful. (Further, a map is supplied inside the back cover.) Mr. Allen divides the region, and his subject-matter, into "The South and East" and "The West and North": his picturing of towns, each with its own racy individual character, is effective; and the same goes for his treatment of tracts of land, whether abandoned or built over. A third and rewarding chapter is devoted to Birmingham. Inset in his own writing are quoted passages, from Henry Adams, George Gissing, and others.

I quarrel with one detail of the production of this book—surely, among the photographs at the end, there are too many pictures of surviving antiques, too few of modern characteristic scenes? Modern, that is, in the comparative sense—for the Black Country, apparently, mainly still bears the stamp of nineteenth-century industrialism.

IN Julian Symonds' *A Man Called Jones* (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.), one of the characters remarks: "The essential thing about the detective story is that it's not very much like life. It doesn't set out to be like life—that isn't its function. The detective story is decidedly a romantic affair. . . ." Yes, I think so. And it may be from a deficiency of romance that *A Man Called Jones*, as a detective story, rather suffers—one doesn't get either attracted enough to or involved enough with the people to care who has done what. As against this, there is an ingenious and meticulously worked-out plot. The employees of an advertising agency provide the cast.



Paintings from a Glorious Period of French Art

The French Ambassador, M. René Massigli, recently opened an exhibition of seventeenth-century French paintings at the Wildenstein Galleries, New Bond Street, in aid of the Merchant Navy Comforts Service, which is appealing for £250,000 to assist war veterans and orphans. Among those who have lent pictures are the Dukes of Northumberland, Sutherland and Buccleuch. The first picture shown above is one of Louis XIV. in his prime, by an anonymous artist; in the centre is a "Portrait of an Abbé," by Philippe de Champaigne, lent by Lady Islington; and on the right is Caron's "Astronomers Watching an Eclipse," lent by Mr. Anthony Blunt, the Keeper of the King's Pictures. The exhibition is open until July 31st

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Matthews — Ferris

Dr. John R. C. Matthews, ex-Surg.-Lt., R.N.V.R., now of Harley Street, London, the Harlequins and Royal Navy Rugger player, married Miss Joan Mary Spencer Ferris, daughter of Cdr. and Mrs. J. S. Ferris, of Burwood Park, Walton-on-Thames, at St. Peter's Church, Hersham, Surrey



Phillips — Tunmer

Mr. Brian Selsey Phillips, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Clive S. Phillips, of 39, The Drive, Seven-oaks, Kent, married Miss Margaret Tunmer, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Tunmer, of Higham Hall, near Colchester, at Higham Church, Colchester, Essex



Carver — O'Bryen

Major Carver, stepson of Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery, married Miss J. A. O'Bryen, of Worthing, at Holy Trinity Church, Folkestone. Field-Marshal Montgomery is seen shaking hands with the bride



Sandberg — Hirst

Mr. John F. Sandberg, Irish Guards, son of the late Mr. C. Peter Sandberg, C.B.E., and of Mrs. Sandberg, of Crockham Hall, Kent, married Miss Diana Hirst, daughter of Major Hirst, M.B.E., M.C., of Great Ropes, Essex, and of Mrs. A. Agar, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy

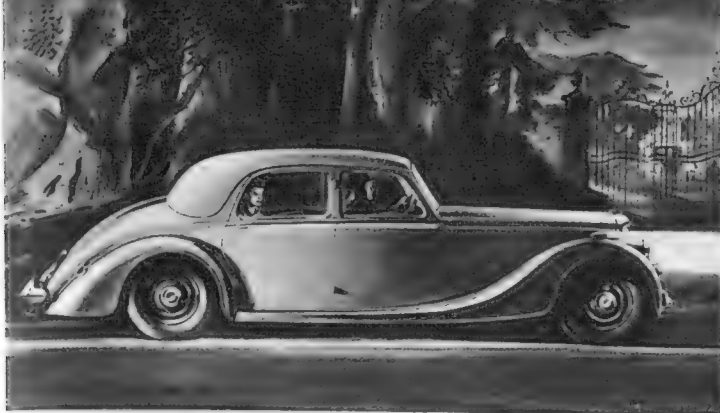


Plenderleith — Arnall

F/Lt. Robert Plenderleith, D.F.C., son of Mr. and Mrs. Plenderleith, of Dunmore, Boxmoor, Herts, married Miss Dorothy Joan Arnall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arnall, of Parkholme, Peterborough, at All Saints', Peterborough



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RENAISSANCE OF THE BLOUSE AND SKIRT

Paris confirms the renaissance of the blouse and skirt and decrees that for outdoors the ensemble shall be completed with a boater. These three Ballantyne blouses, the odd skirts and the hat are at Fortnum and Mason



"Classic." Tailored wool blouse with interesting yoke detail

Photographs by Joysmith



"Mona Lisa." In pastel moss crêpe with an inset yoke panel of flat pleating

Fashion Page

by Winifred Lewis



"Ideal," in moss crêpe. The boater is in burnt straw with flower trimming



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an aura
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but . . .

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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Navana

Mrs. Alison (Bobbie) Bolton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Pond, of Burcombe Manor, Salisbury, who is engaged to Capt. Leslie Thorne, R.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Thorne, of Castle Road, Salisbury



Pearl Freeman

Miss Patience Hooper, elder daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Hooper, who is to be married in August to Mr. David F. R. Bosanquet, only son of Major A. R. and Lady Katherine Bosanquet



Miss Perronnelle Le Breton, daughter of Colonel Sir Edward and Lady Le Breton, of Lodgers Court, near Bridport, Dorset, whose engagement has been announced to Mr. Seward Laskey, of H.M. Foreign Service, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Laskey, of Lane End, South Nutfield, Surrey



Harlip

Miss Monica Grayson, only daughter of the late Comdr. Godfrey Grayson, R.N., and the late Mrs. Grayson, whose engagement is announced to Capt. Peter Borwick, only son of Sir Thomas F. Borwick, C.I.E., D.S.O., and Lady Borwick



Miss Anthea Mary Onslow, only daughter of the late Capt. R. F. J. Onslow, M.V.O., D.S.C., R.N., and of the late Mrs. Onslow, who is engaged to Capt. Edward Courtenay Phillips, M.C., 60th Rifles, elder son of the late Mr. G. C. Phillips and of Mrs. Phillips, of Street Court, Kingsland, Herefordshire



Bassano

Miss Betty Rowley-Hill, youngest daughter of Major-General and Mrs. L. Rowley-Hill, of Rosehill, Thorpe-le-Soken, Essex, who is to be married on August 19 to Mr. Peter D. P. Kemp, second son of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Kemp, of Pen-y-Parc, Beaumaris, Anglesey



"There she is—a star at last!"

"I wonder if she acts as well as she looks?"

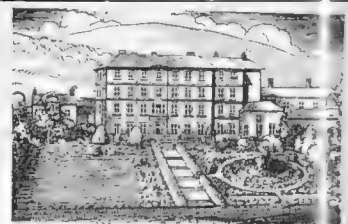
"Well—we shall soon see"

"Anyway, old boy, she has all the signs of Personality!"

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Oliver Stowall on FLYING

So far as new aircraft are concerned the bubble reputation can be pricked very easily. It is doubly important, therefore, for those who have knowledge of aviation to exercise their own judgment and to refuse to be influenced by rumours. I make this point because we have now a fairly sharp division between aircraft ordered by or sponsored by the Ministry of Supply, and aircraft made by individual companies as genuine private ventures.

About the Cunliffe-Owen Concordia there was some little quibble a few months ago and many people appeared to be uncertain as to whether it was indeed a private venture or not. I am able to say that the Concordia was built at the firm's own expense and that that applies to the first two machines.

Ahead of Schedule

In short, much credit belongs to this company for having launched out on a most interesting aircraft, and the Ministry has been right in ordering a further two machines. Another triumph for the company was the fact that the first flight took place two months earlier than was expected, an achievement almost without precedent in the whole history of aviation.

It appears to be harder to keep to an aircraft design and construction schedule than to a similar schedule for any other manufactured article. Weights in the actual aircraft normally bear no sort of relationship to the weights so meticulously calculated beforehand. First flight dates are quite often a year later than predicted.

Perhaps the Concordia will start a new era in which the forecasts made by companies about their new aircraft will be justified in the event. At the moment there seems to be a sort of competition in inaccuracy between aircraft constructors and meteorologists in the matter of making predictions.

Accent on Luxury

I was especially interested in the de luxe version of the Concordia, the interior appointments of which have been handled by Rumbold. It is quite obvious that British makers of all goods must, if they wish to succeed or even to survive, concentrate upon luxury goods rather than utility goods. That will be the only way to attract buyers. Therefore any aeroplane which is arranged to provide an especially high degree of comfort is worthy of note. The Vikings of the King's Flight were a tremendous success on their South African tour, mainly because they represented the height of aircraft luxury and I was told by Air Commodore Fielden, Captain of the King's Flight, that it would be possible to sell such machines quite easily in the Dominions and many other parts of the world.

Another Charter Service

Air charter is at the moment outside the scope of the nationalisation of air transport. The public corporations can engage in air charter; but so can ordinary individuals and private companies. So it is pleasing to see Short Brothers of Rochester—now a Government concern—running the Rochester Air Charter Service and the Rochester Flying Club.

Manager of the Charter concern is Wing Commander T. C. Chambers and the chief pilot is Wing Commander C. W. Lindsay. The fleet of aircraft includes Proctors, an Avro XIX, a Dragonfly and Tiger Moths. It is satisfactory to see Shorts associated with a concern bearing the name of Rochester, for the main company, as we all know, is moving to Belfast.

Bramcote

Discussion of the National Gliding Contests at Bramcote will have to be left to a future article, but I want to ask readers to make a note of the date of the Bramcote Review. It is the 19th of July, and in effect it will be a welcome to Warwickshire for the Royal Navy. The Lord Lieutenant, Lord Willoughby de Broke, will be received at Bramcote and will take the salute. The station is a ground training centre for naval air mechanics and there are shortly to be 1,000 of them there, half devoting their attention to airframes and the other half to engines. Both volunteer and National Service men go to Bramcote and they do a six months' course and then go on, either to a carrier or to an operational training station.

U.S. Flying Club

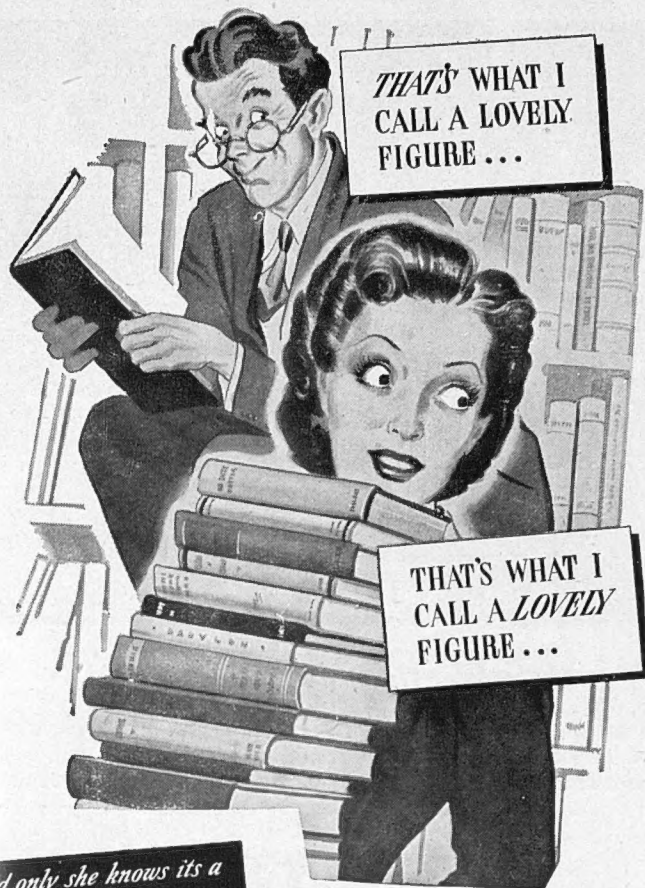
In this instance the letters U.S. mean neither United States nor unserviceable. They refer to the United Services Flying Club which is holding an air pageant at Elstree on Sunday, the 27th of July. Arrangements are being made to try and attract a large public attendance and one of the unusual attractions will be the appearance of Mademoiselle Michelle Bellu, a French Resistance Movement parachutist, who will make two drops from high and low levels. A Sunderland is to fly past and it is hoped that there will be Royal Air Force co-operation. Before the Pageant there is to be an Air Ball at Watford Town Hall on the 25th of July.

The United Services Flying Club is at the present time the nearest club to London and therefore it has a reasonably good chance—providing no strikes like that which marred the Derby Club's meeting occur—to draw a big crowd.



Capt. E. S. J. Alcock, formerly of B.O.A.C. and now a chief flying instructor, has flown 3,000,000 miles—more than any other British pilot. He is the brother of the late Sir John Alcock, the Atlantic pioneer.

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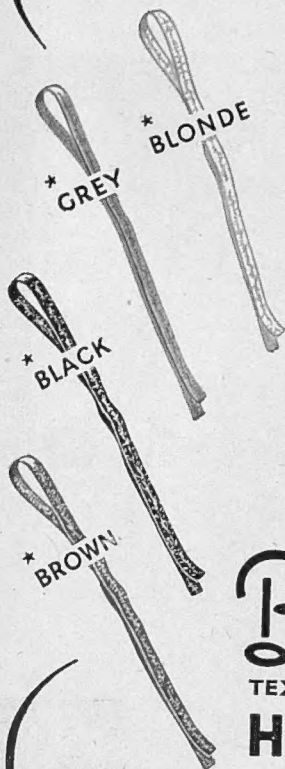
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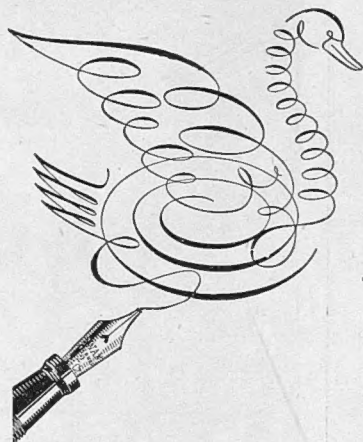
Make
play
while
the sun
shines

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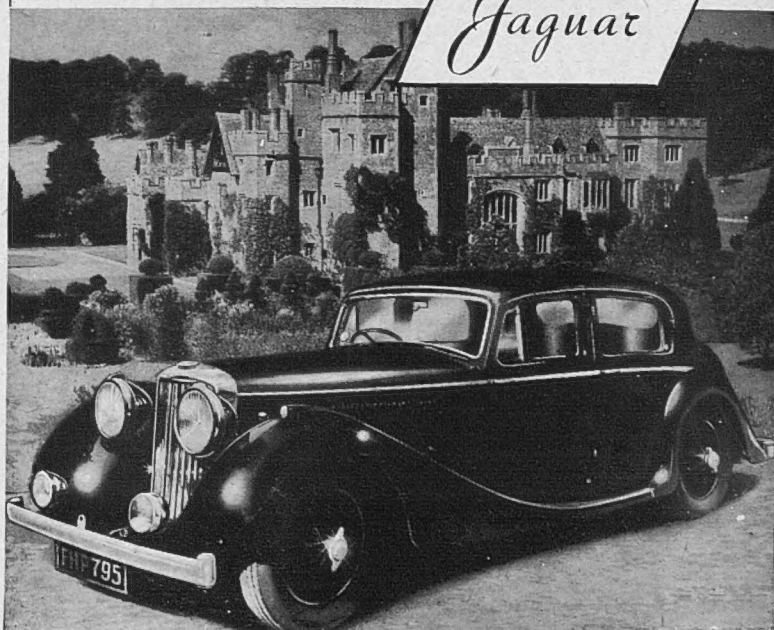
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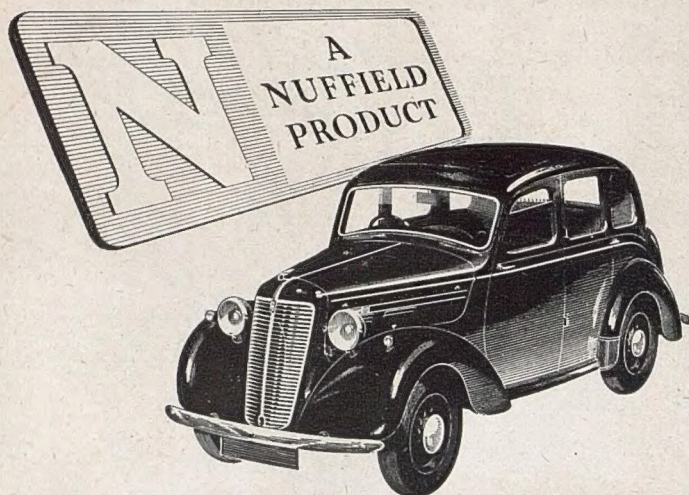
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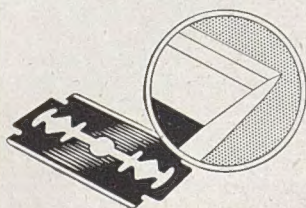
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Take tickets in advance; it saves everybody's time on the day.

Travel light. Send heavy luggage in advance.

Label all luggage clearly. Put an extra addressed label inside.

*Travel Mid-week
if possible*

GWR · LMS



LNER · SR